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No. 2, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, July 3, No. 417.

No. 3, RIGHTHON W. E. GLADSTONE, August 7, No. 422.

No. 4, CHARLES DICKENS, September 4, No. 426.

No. 5, JAMES HANNAY, October 2, No. 430.

No. 6, CHARLES MACKAY, November 6, No. 435.

No. 7, WILLIAM HUNT, December 11, No. 440.

No. 8, M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT, Jan. 1, No. 445.

No. 9, JUDGE HALIBURTON, February 5, No. 448.

No. 10, LORD BROUGHAM, March 5, No. 452.

No. 11, GEORGE GROTE, April 2, No. 456.

No. 12, THOMAS CARLYLE, May 7, No. 461.

No. 13, BARON VON HUMBOLDT, May 21, No. 463.

No. 14, EARL STANHOPE, June 4, No. 465.

No. 15, SYDNEY LADY MORGAN, July 9, No. 470.

Portraits of LORD MACAULAY, PROFESSOR FARADAY, and others, will follow, from Photographs by Mr. MAYALL, Messrs. MAULL and POLYBLANK, Mr. CLARKINGTON, Mr. HERBERT WATKINS, and other eminent photographic artists.

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CRITIC Office, 19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C.

THE CRITIC.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ON MONDAY NEXT the sale of the portion of the printed books of M. LIBRI selected by that eminent *connoisseur* for distribution will commence at Messrs. SOTHEY and WILKINSON'S sale rooms. As the collection is, in many respects, by far the richest that has been offered for public competition within the memory of living philibiblion, it is no wonder that its dispersion has excited much interest among buyers, and there can be little doubt that all the choice lots will fetch very good prices. The books are now on view, and will doubtless be inspected by all who are curious in such matters, and have an opportunity of visiting Wellington-street. The catalogue, which is a very fitting companion to the magnificent catalogue issued for the sale of the MSS., contains 380 large octavo pages, upon which are described 2824 lots. The sale will occupy thirteen days, commencing on Monday next, the 1st of August, and ending on Monday the 15th. Owing to ill health, M. LIBRI has not been able to prepare a regular preface to the catalogue as he did for the MSS.; but he has written a long letter to the auctioneers, which they have very judiciously printed instead. From this it would appear that M. LIBRI more especially prides himself upon the richness of his collection in the following particulars—copies printed on vellum, rare and unique copies, *éditions principes*, Aldine, Giunta, and Elzevir editions, block-books, incunabula, and works cited by the Crusca. The block-books are especially rare and valuable; the membranaceous gems (or copies printed upon vellum)—gems so prized by the collector—are more numerous than in Mr. GRENVILLE'S library. In rich and valuable bindings also the collection is very rich, comprising specimens not only of FADELUP, DEROME, and the best French and Venetian binders, but also of those older binders who bound books when books were a luxury to be enjoyed only by the richest and most powerful, and when the greatest artists furnished the designs for the ornamental artificer. So rare and curious are some of these bindings, that Messrs. SOTHEY and WILKINSON have caused photographs of them to be taken, to be sent for the inspection of distant collectors. Among some of the rarer are specimens of rich Italian binding of the fifteenth century; many specimens by the famous Lyonesse binder, GROLIER, who bound for FRANCIS I.; and six beautiful specimens of binding once the property of the lovely DIANE DE POICTIERS, the mistress of HENRI II. Writing of these gems, M. LIBRI observes:

Every bibliographer knows that her books were distinguished by several emblematic devices, amongst which the most conspicuous are the LUNAR CRESCENT, the D (the initial of Diana), and the bow. Sometimes these emblems were combined together; sometimes one only of them was employed by the bookbinder; but by comparison it is very easy to ascertain the perfect resemblance of pattern and the identity of the tools employed. It is immaterial to decide whether these books were bound directly for Diana of Poitiers, or only, as some assert, by order of her royal paramour. In all probability, however, those only in which the royal crown, the French fleur-de-lis, and the initial H were introduced, ought to be considered as his love-gifts, and the use of the less showy and more modest devices to represent the binding employed for her private library by the beautiful and accomplished Diane de Poitiers. The specimens of all these different bindings of the king's lovely mistress contained in my collection are so beautiful as must impress every one with the high merit of the artists under whose superintendence they were produced, and certainly seem to warrant the assertion that amongst these artists the celebrated "Petit Bernard" was the one often employed. Another volume, bound for Henry II. himself, without any allusion to Diane or her emblems (a scarce occurrence), is, in the opinion of the best connoisseurs, well worthy to compare even with the most beautiful *crenset patterns* of Diane de Poitiers, and therefore deserves to be pointed out amongst the gems of ornamentation.

Specimens from the libraries of FRANCIS II., CHARLES IX., HENRY III., HENRY IV., and his Queen, MARGUERITE DE VALOIS-NAVARRÉ, Cardinal de BOURBON, and many other great French princes; of the collections of our own HENRY VII. and HENRY VIII. (some supposed to have been designed by HOLBEIN), of EDWARD VI., ELIZABETH, JAMES I., and CHARLES I., are also to be found. One specimen of the library of OLIVER CROMWELL, supposed to be unique (can it be that this was the only book bearing the stern Protector ever had?) is also here. This book of "OLD NOLL" is No. 1250 in the catalogue, and is entered as

Hingston (John), Cornet Booke. Bassus I & Bassus II, 2 vols.—Manuscript Music, in the autograph of the composer, who was a pupil of Orlando Gibbons, and organist to Oliver Cromwell when Protector, whose daughter he instructed in music. 4to. circa 1656.

To which this note is appended:

From the library of Oliver Cromwell, himself a great admirer of music, in old black morocco, with clasps, having the Cromwell arms stamped on each side of the covers. Nearly all the arms have the autograph signature of John Hingston appended. We are not aware of the existence of any other volume bearing the arms of Oliver Cromwell on the sides, and as a specimen of his library this is probably the only genuine one that may ever occur for sale.

An endless task would it be to enumerate all the curious and interesting features of a collection where all is curious and interesting. To do so would be to recount the entire catalogue. What we purpose to do, however, is to attend the sale as it proceeds, and keep our readers informed upon the gems of the collection, the prices fetched, and their destination.

At the time we penned our last observations on the PERKINS-COLLIER folio we had overlooked a letter from Mr. COLLIER replying to Mr. PARRY'S assertion that the copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and now at the British Museum, formerly belonged to

him. To make our collection of the correspondence complete we subjoin this letter—

SIR,—I feel most unwillingly compelled to say one other word respecting the corrected folio of Shakspeare's works in 1632, which came into my hands in 1849. According to Mr. Hamilton's letter, inserted in your paper of the 16th inst., Mr. PARRY states that the book which he owned, and which was given to him by his relative, Mr. George Gray, about 50 years ago, was an edition different from the folio of 1632, with different corrections. I saw Mr. PARRY twice upon the subject in the year 1853—first at his house in St. John's-wood, when he told me (as he had previously told a common friend) that he had recognised the corrections instantly, from the facsimile which accompanied the earliest edition of my "Notes and Emendations," 8vo., 1852. Very soon afterwards, for greater satisfaction, I brought the corrected folio of 1632 from Maidenhead to London, and took it to St. John's-wood, but I failed to meet with Mr. PARRY at home. I therefore paid a third visit to that gentleman, again carrying the book with me. I met him coming from his house, and I informed him that I had the corrected folio of 1632 under my arm, and that I was sorry he could not then examine it, as I wished. He replied: "If you will let me see it now, I shall be able to state at once whether it was ever my book." I therefore showed it to him on the spot, and, after looking at it in several places, he gave it back to me with these words: "That was my book; it is the same, but it has been much ill-used since it was in my possession." I took Mr. PARRY'S word without hesitation; and it certainly gave me increased faith in the emendations, to which I never applied a microscope or magnifying glass beyond my own spectacles. I was then living in the house of my brother-in-law; and, almost from day to day, I showed him such of the emendations of Shakspeare's text in the corrected folio of 1632 as seemed most striking or important. If there be upon the volume any pencillings by me, beyond crosses, ticks, and lines, they will speak for themselves: they have escaped my recollection, and, as I stated in my former letter, I have not seen the book for several years. Perhaps the microscope used by Mr. Hamilton might discover that the plumbago of my pencil was the same as that of other marks, said to be in connection with some of the emendations.

Maidenhead, July 16.

J. FAYNE COLLIER.

Since the appearance of this letter, Mr. PARRY has denied to the officials of the Museum that he ever saw the book when in Mr. COLLIER'S possession, and repeats his assertion that the copy in dispute differs in edition and in many other respects from that which he formerly possessed.

The pleasant town of Cheltenham, which, protected as it is by the Cotswold range of hills from the tempestuous blast of Boreas, is a favourite resort of East Indians and other valetudinarians during the late autumn and winter seasons, has during the last fortnight received a shoal of visitors of all kinds, attracted to its precincts by the sale of Lord NORTHWICK'S renowned gallery of pictures. So numerous indeed, and unexpected just at present, are the votaries of art at the Queen's Hotel and other establishments in the town, that it is with difficulty a sufficient number of waiters can be found to officiate at the *table-d'hôtes*. Let that, however, pass; for, if there is not all the ability to oblige, there is at all events every inclination to do so, and within the last day or two many inconveniences that may have been complained of in this respect have disappeared. Among the distinguished visitors that were attracted to the gallery before the sale commenced, and who all of them doubtless left behind them important commissions, we may mention the names of the Duke and Duchess D'AUMALE, the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, the Marquis of HERTFORD, Baron MAROCHETTI, the Earl of WARWICK, the Hon. Mr. HOWARD, the Right Hon. H. LABOUCHERE, &c. On Saturday it was that we ourselves visited the gallery, which not having seen before, we were very much struck by the immense number of works of art there congregated, far more than by their high character. The late Lord had in fact, towards the end of his life, bought with so little discrimination, that he hung up pictures bearing the names of Raphael, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Claude, Canaletto, and other great masters, which the merest tyro could detect as being only base imitations. Notwithstanding this, there still remain, out of about fifteen hundred pictures, some three or four hundred noticeable works of art. Lord NORTHWICK began to collect in his early youth, when he was only about eighteen years old, and it would be strange indeed, if after spending some 150,000*l.* upon his favourite pursuit, he should not have accumulated something worth looking at. He has, in fact, done so. There are a great many first-class pictures in his collection, as visitors to Cheltenham well know; but to arrive at them you have to wade through a vast deal of rubbish. Holy Families, for instance, there are in abundance, quite enough to satisfy the religiosity of the age. But how few of these answer to the name they bear! Fortunately so; for who would wish to have his cherished ideas of Raffaele, Perugino, Francia, and Carracci disturbed by such low estimates of them as are involved in biddings ranging from three to ten guineas? This, however, is what has already taken place. The sale commenced on Tuesday last, when, upon entering the large room, we noticed some of our principal dealers, as for instance, Messrs. FARRER, SMITH, GRAVES, SCOTT, NORTON, PEARCE, GRITTEN, REDFERN of Warwick, AGNEW of Manchester, COX, RUTLEY, and others; in addition to whom there were Messrs. VAN CUYK, NIEUENHUIS, MEFFRE, DELIER, and OTTO MUNDLER, from Belgium, Holland, France, and Germany, the last-mentioned being the *ci-devant* agent for the National Gallery, just recently arrived from Munich. The first day's sale, contrary to the expectation of most people present, realised nearly 4000*l.*, and the second 4282*l.* 18*s.* Among the lots in the first day's sale were a Van der Neer which produced 65 *gs.*; a Salvator Rosa (so called, but not painted by that master) 160 *gs.*; a Wynants 118 *gs.*; a Nicholas Berghem (an undoubted specimen) 390*l.*; a picture said to be by Mytens, and to be a portrait of Charles I. when a child, but in reality a portrait of a Dutch child, 95 *gs.*; a Claude (so called, but very doubtful) 300 *gs.*; a copy from Raffaele of a Virgin, Child, and

St. John, 150 gs.; and a beautiful Van Haagen, with all the fine effects of Hobbima, for 66 gs., which was understood to have been purchased for the National Gallery. There was also the celebrated picture of a reclining Venus, a copy from Titian, which was exhibited for many years by Mr. Taylor, and was acquired by Lord Northwick for 1000 gs. This was purchased by Mr. Cox.

In the second day's sale a small Lingleback, "The Departure for the Chase," sold for 100 guineas; a portrait of Van Tromp, by W. Van der Velde, for 100 guineas; and two pictures by Van Somer, being portraits of the Earl and Countess of Arundel, for 100 guineas each. The latter will, it is to be hoped, pass into the National Portrait Gallery, as also a Mark Garrard, containing portraits of the Earl of Dorset and his Secretary, which was sold for 90 guineas. A Mazzolino di Ferrara, representing "Christ in the Judgment Hall," a fine picture both for colour and composition, realised 323 guineas; an Italian landscape, by Locatelli, 180 guineas; and a very fine Weenix, purchased for the Marquis of Hertford, 350 guineas. A Canaletto (doubtful) brought 400 guineas; and a Van Eyck, or rather a picture of the Van Eyck school, was sold for 495 guineas. Only one more lot need be mentioned, "The Sermon from Tristram Shandy," by Reinagle, full of humour, force, and character, which was knocked down to Mr. Farrer for 69 gs. Such were a few of the most noteworthy items disposed of during the first two days, but the sale will continue altogether for about three weeks; and we would strongly advise all who may have the opportunity to take a last look at the Northwick Collection before the sale proceeds much farther—before its Claudes, Poussins, Wilsons, and Nasmyths are finally and irrevocably dispersed. Before concluding we must not omit to mention that the collection is very strong in modern British art, containing MacIose's celebrated picture of the "Marriage of Strongbow," two beautiful interiors by Roberts, the "Convalescent" by Mulready, Ward's "Disgrace of Clarendon,"

Leslie's "Columbus and the Egg," Webster's "Breakfast," Frost's "Diana and her nymphs," and many other fine things, which are looked at with great interest, and the possession of which will, we have reason to believe, be hotly contested.

The short debate upon the vote for the British Museum will serve once more to remind the country of the unjustly low salaries paid to a class of public servants, from whom more solid and rarer acquisitions are expected than from any other. The gentlemen employed in the library of the British Museum must be men not only of education, but also linguists of considerable attainment; and yet these gentlemen are supposed to receive the maximum value of their services when they have reached the munificent salary of 300*l.* per annum. Such a state of things ought not to be suffered to continue, and the admirably efficient state in which every department of the Museum is now to be found constitutes in itself a claim for a more just and liberal scale of payment.

GRADATION.

[From the German of Pfeffel.]

A sparrow caught upon a tree	Down swoop'd an eagle who had spied
The plumpest fly; all, all unheeded	With grim delight the state of matters;
Were struggles, cries, and agony,	"Release me, King," the victim cried,
As for his life the victim pleaded:	"You tear my very flesh to tatters!"
"Nay," quoth the sparrow, "you must	"Nay," quoth the eagle, "you must
die,	die,
For you are not so strong as I."	For you are not so strong as I."
A hawk surprised him at his meal,	A bullet whistled at the word,
And in a trice poor sparrow spitted;	And struck him ere his feast was
In vain he gasp'd his last appeal,	ended:
"What crime, Sir Hawk, have I com-	"Ah, tyrant!" shriek'd the dying bird,
mitted?"	"To murder him who ne'er offended."
"Peace!" quoth the captor, "you must	"Oh!" quoth the sportsman, "you must
die,	die,
For you are not so strong as I."	For you are not so strong as I."

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SHELLEY.

Shelley Memorials: from Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady SHELLEY. To which is added an *Essay on Christianity*, by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Now first printed. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 290.

THIS VOLUME is not to be considered so much a complete biography of the poet Shelley as an appendix and corrective to those memorials of him which have already appeared. The editor says: "To give a truthful statement of long-distorted facts, and to clear away the mist in which the misrepresentations of foes and professed friends have obscured the memory of Shelley, have been my only objects." We are further informed that within the last fourteen years forged letters, purporting to have been written by the poet, have, on no less than three occasions, been presented to the Shelley family for purchase. It will be seen, then, that the value of these memorials consists, in no small degree, in their being authentic; and though we cannot help lamenting their comparative insufficiency, we yet receive them, scanty as they are, with the greater pleasure because we have no doubt of their being genuine.

In the volume before us the details of the early periods of Shelley's life are greatly condensed, as having been already given with tolerable correctness to the public in other forms. At the very commencement of these memorials we are introduced to the poet, now in his fourteenth year, at Eton, in those good old days when fagging and flogging flourished under the auspices of that burly little pedagogue Dr. Keate. There Shelley commenced that thoughtless though generous tilting against windmills which distinguished him through life, and also gave tokens of that disregard of wholesome rules and harmless conventionalities which was once supposed to be the peculiar property of men of genius. We quite agree with the lady who has edited this volume, that Shelley "was not the kind of youth likely to be happy at a public school;" though, at the same time, we think it greatly to his misfortune that he could never be reconciled to the discipline which was uncomplainingly submitted to by hundreds of boys of his own age and standing in society. We, who have ourselves fagged, and had fags in our turn, cannot help smiling at the mountains into which Lady Shelley converts, in our opinion, very diminutive molehills. "All the devices of despotism" is a somewhat magniloquent term to apply to the system of fagging as carried out at Eton, even in the time of Dr. Keate. We quite agree with Dr. Arnold that, so long as there are public schools, fagging in some form or other must exist. Lady Shelley tells us:

With one exception, Shelley found his tutors men of rough, passionate, and hard natures, who claimed obedience merely because they possessed authority, without showing that they had any right to exercise their power by reason of superior discretion and serene wisdom; men who answered inquiries by cuffs, who sought to tame independence by violence, who exasperated the eccentricities of a wild but generous nature by the opposition of their own coarser minds, and who made religion distasteful by confounding it with dogmatism, and learning repulsive by allying it with pedantic formality. Had these instructors possessed half as much knowledge of human nature as of Greek roots and Latin "quantities," they might have developed and guided the mind of Shelley; but they

thought not of this, and therefore only irritated a sensitive and ardent disposition.

This, to say the least of it, is a somewhat sweeping censure; and we have no doubt that some of these coarse-minded pedantic formalists could on their parts, with equal justice, have brought complaints against a passionate ill-conditioned youth, whose eccentricities and morbid temperament were probably quite as apparent as his generosity of spirit and chivalrous enthusiasm against all domination. We may add, as a proof of Shelley's genius, that while at Eton he did what a good many other schoolboys have done, viz., wrote a novel; and obtained what very few other schoolboys have, 40*l.* for it.

From Eton to Oxford was a natural advancement in the life of the eldest son of a gentleman of good position and property; and, accordingly, in his eighteenth year Shelley became an undergraduate of University College. He had previously, however, in due accordance with the precocity of his nature, fallen in love with a Miss Grove, whose parents, on Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, insisted on their daughter breaking off all intimacy with him. The editor truly says: "The forms of study at Oxford, then as now, were well adapted to exercise a beneficial influence on a mind somewhat prone at the time to mysticism and to the neglect of practical results; and it must therefore be for ever regretted that Shelley's academical career terminated so early." The head and front of Shelley's offending was that he wrote and published "a pamphlet, in which the defective logic of the usual arguments in favour of the existence of a God was set forth; this he circulated among the authorities and members of his college." We give the editor's defence of her kinsman:

In point of fact, the pamphlet did not contain any positive assertion; it was merely a challenge to discussion, beginning with certain axioms, and finishing with a Q.E.D. The publication (consisting of only two pages) seemed rather to imply, on the part of the writer, a desire to obtain better reasoning on the side of the commonly received opinion, than any wish to overthrow with sudden violence the grounds of men's belief. In any case, however, had the heads of the college been men of candid and broad intellects, they would have recognised in the author of the obnoxious pamphlet an earnest love of truth, a noble passion for arriving at the nature of things, however painful the road. They might at least have sought, by argument and remonstrance, to set him in what they conceived to be the right path; but either they had not the courage and the regard for truth necessary for such a course, or they were themselves the victims of a narrow education. At any rate, for this exercise of scholastic ingenuity Shelley was expelled.

We will not argue with the editor as to what "men of candid and broad intellects" would have done, but simply remind her of what she seems to have forgotten, viz. that Shelley had in the previous year made a solemn declaration on oath that he was *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England; and that, as the University was then constituted, none but members of that Church could have their names on the boards of any college in it; and Shelley, by professing himself an atheist, severed himself *ipso facto* and instantan from his college. Thus, while we do full justice to the noble chivalry and rare magnanimity of the future poet, which would not allow him to linger on in a base conforming hypocrisy within the academical walls, we scarcely

see how the authorities of his college could have acted otherwise than they did. Let the editor again speak for our expelled genius:

Conscious of high intellectual power and of unsullied moral purity, he had been persecuted at Eton for the resistance he always offered to despotism. From Oxford he had been expelled with great injustice, for a pamphlet which, if it had been given as a translation of the work of some old Greek, would have been regarded as a model of subtle metaphysical reasoning. He was excluded from his father's house for acting in accordance with the dictates of his conscience; and he found himself separated from the society of his equals in rank by his shyness, his sensitiveness, and his ascetic habits. Among his few acquaintances at this time whose names are known, there was not one who had the slightest affinity with him; and it is not easy to conceive a greater loneliness of the heart than that which he now experienced. Feeling himself thus isolated, his naturally high spirit rose higher still; and the young warrior for truth went forth into the world alone, but full of ardour. And it should be recollected that he made this sacrifice out of a purely abstract and intellectual love of truth; for to all sensual pleasures Shelley was a stranger. His usual food was bread, sometimes seasoned with a few raisins; his beverage was generally water; if he drank tea or coffee, he would take no sugar with it, because the produce of the cane was then obtained by slave labour; and the unanimous voice of those who knew him acquits him of any participation in the lax habits of life too common among young men. Yet, when less than nineteen, "fragile in health and frame; of the purest habits in morals; full of devoted generosity and universal kindness; glowing with ardour to attain wisdom; resolved at every personal sacrifice to do right; burning with a desire for affection and sympathy—he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal."

The reasoning of the above extract would scarcely satisfy a rigid Aristotelian. We can assure Lady Shelley that even now, in these days of ameliorated school discipline, it would not do for any youth, however "conscious of high intellectual power and of unsullied moral purity," to set himself against the rules and regulations of the place of education which was chosen for him; and that many boys, of equal moral purity and perhaps even equal intellectual power with Shelley, have submitted, and doubtless will submit, without a murmur, to what the editor terms "despotism." We can scarcely help smiling at the feminine logic which asserts that Shelley was expelled with great injustice from Oxford for writing a pamphlet, which, if it had been given as a translation of the work of some old Greek, would have been regarded as a model of subtle metaphysical reasoning. It was precisely because Shelley was not a Greek, either old or young, but a supposed member of the Church of England, that he was expelled from the University. Whether his pamphlet was or was not "a model of subtle metaphysical reasoning," we have no means of judging, as we do not find it in these pages. If, however, it resembled his "Essay on Christianity," which is appended to this volume, and which, we believe, was written when Shelley's intellect was riper and better formed, we can only say that it would have reminded us of the work of some very old Greek indeed—so old that we should suspect that he was not very far from his dotage. The editor also adds that she is inclined to think "that, at this time, Shelley's father would have been satisfied with some very slight concession on his son's part—in fact, with his promising a merely formal compliance with the ceremonies observed in most households. But had he asked his native stream, the Arun, to run up to its source, he would have had as great a chance of obtaining his desire." If his own kith and kin could not melt the heart of the honest young enthusiast with such favourable terms, what chance would Oxford dons, however candid and broad their intellects were, have had of altering Shelley's opinions? And could they have possibly retained him amongst them, or he remained, without a mutual breach of oaths? Coleridge during his school-days went through a somewhat similar phase of belief, though with a very different ending. We heard the late Mr. Le Grice, who, we believe, was Coleridge's form-fellow at the time, narrate the occurrence. Mr. Bowyer, the head master of Christ's Hospital, had signified his intention of transferring Coleridge from the Deputy Grecians' class to that of the Grecians, who form the head class of the school, and are each in due time elected to scholarships either at Oxford or Cambridge. The next morning Coleridge appeared before his master, and with sententious gravity informed him that having lately become an atheist he was not eligible for the head class, or indeed any class in the school. Bowyer immediately sent for two of the school beadles, flogged Coleridge most soundly on the spot, and intimated that if he heard anything more of atheism from his pupil the dose would be repeated *ad infinitum*. We do not advocate this method of conversion, which appears to us admirably calculated to produce rank and ready-made hypocrites. We believe, however, that Coleridge was thankful to his master in the end, as the flagellation led him to reconsider his opinions. Both Coleridge and Lamb, in alluding to the Spartan discipline of this autocratic pedagogue, speak of him with considerable kindness. Lady Shelley, who has not a word to say in defence of the authorities of University College, holds that "the conduct of his father is susceptible of some excuse."

Let those who utterly condemn him ask themselves how they would like the presence in their houses of a disciple of Spinoza or of Calvin, whose enthusiasm never wanes, and whose voice is seldom silent; who, with the eloquence of conviction, obtrudes his doctrines at all times; who seeks the youngest daughter in the schoolroom, and the butler in his pantry, to make them converts, in the one case, to the moral excellence of materialism—in the other, to the æsthetic comforts of eternal punishment by election; and, if they can conscientiously say they would like it, they may condemn the elder Mr. Shelley, but not unless.

We can assure the editor that disciples of Spinoza are likely to be just as great nuisances in college cloisters as in private houses, more especially as in the former case their ministrations will be extended from the cook and butler and youngest daughter to some scores of

impressible youths, whose orthodoxy is of quite as much importance to the world in general as was that of the subordinate members of the elder Mr. Shelley's household. Another student, a Mr. Hogg, was also, to use Lady Shelley's words, "sentenced to the same honourable expulsion already pronounced against his companion."

Shelley now came up to London; and, as his father had discarded him, he was often without the means of paying the current expenses of each day. His sisters, then at school at Brompton, with true sisterly love used to save up their pocket-money and send it to him from time to time by a very handsome young lady, named Harriet Westbrook, who was at the same school. Shortly after his father became reconciled to Shelley, and made him an allowance of 200*l.* a year. He was now nearly nineteen years old, and Miss Harriet sweet sixteen; and so these "two young lovers in a golden dream" determined to elope together:

To the wild eloquence of the enthusiast, who claimed it as his mission to regenerate the world, and to give it freedom from the shackles which had been too long endured, and which barred its progress to indefinite perfectibility, Harriet had in their many interviews in London bent a well-pleased ear; and when the day came for her return to her Brompton seminary, these new lights seemed to her mind to have a practical bearing on the forms and discipline of her boarding-school. She therefore petitioned her father to be allowed to remain at home. On his refusal, she wrote to Shelley; and, in a sad and evil hour for both, this girl, "who had thrown herself upon his protection," and "with whom he was not in love," became his wife.

The patroness of the Borrioboola-Gha mission, as depicted by Mr. Dickens, was a cold, calculating woman of the world compared to either of our newly-married turtles. We could scarcely help laughing (if there was not so much more to pity) at the hair-brained philanthropism of the young poetical enthusiast "who claimed it as his mission to regenerate the world." Imagine Shelley, in the midst of unpaid bills and writs, with about as much idea of the value of money as a Red Indian, forming magnificent schemes for the regeneration of Ireland, England, and the world in general; addressing letters to Lord Ellenborough in rebuke of his legal decisions; writing absurd rhodomontades to Godwin (afterwards his father-in-law) upon coming political millenniums; in fact, doing everything except what he should have done, and attending to everybody's business but his own—and we have a picture which will excite quite as much pain as pleasure in the breasts of most persons. The editor tells us that on an incursion of the sea into a quantity of reclaimed land in Caernarvonshire, Shelley "exhibited a remarkable proof of that noble munificence which was one of the most striking features of his character. He personally solicited subscriptions from the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and himself headed the list with a donation of 500*l.*, though his means, as the reader has seen, were small." Where he got such a sum of money from (if he ever did get it) it puzzles our imagination to conceive; as in the preceding page to that which records this act of benevolence we have a letter from Godwin to his wife about the Shelleys, that

They lived here nine weeks and three days. They went away in a great hurry, and in debt to her and two more. They gave her a draft upon the Hon. Mr. Lawleys, brother to Lord Cloncurry, and they borrowed of her twenty-nine shillings, besides 3*l.* that she got for them from a neighbour, all of which they faithfully returned when they got to Ilfracombe, the people not choosing to change a banknote which had been cut in half for safety in sending it by the post.

Again, we have Shelley inclosing 20*l.* in February to Mr. Hookham as a subscription towards paying the 1000*l.* fine of the Hunts, and at the commencement of March writing the following letter to the same gentleman:

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just escaped an atrocious assassination. Oh! send me 20*l.* if you have it! You will perhaps hear of me no more. — friend,
PERCY SHELLEY.

The editor says of this attempted assassination, "The facts will not allow us to hope that the horrible scene was the creation of an over-excited and almost morbidly sensitive brain. It is true that there is something of a nightmare character in the incidents; but the testimony of Mrs. Shelley gives the stamp of reality to the affair." No reason whatever is given in these pages why the suspected person, a Mr. Leeson, should twice in the same night have attempted with horrible threats to murder Shelley; and as no one saw the would-be assassin except the poet himself, we can only say that the whole circumstance is full of mystery.

A marriage made without love, at least on Shelley's side, could scarcely end happily:

Towards the close of 1813 estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis. Separation ensued; and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house. Here she gave birth to her second child—a son, who died in 1826. . . . Harriet's death has sometimes been ascribed to Shelley. This is entirely false. There was no immediate connection whatever between her tragic end and any conduct on the part of her husband. It is true, however, that it was a permanent source of the deepest sorrow to him; for never during all his after life did the dark shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-sought grave of the companion of his early youth.

On the 30th of September, 1816, Shelley's second marriage with Miss Godwin, who survived him, took place; and her letters and diary furnish us with many interesting particulars of his short life and sad death. A great sorrow now came upon Shelley:

Up to the time of his first wife's death her children had resided with her and with her father; but after that event Shelley claimed them. Mr. Westbrook refused to give them up, and carried the case into Chancery, where he filed a bill, asseverating that the remaining parent of the children was unfit to have

the charge of them, on account of the alleged depravity of his religious and moral opinions, in which he designed to bring them up. The case having been argued, judgment was pronounced by the Lord Chancellor (Eldon), and it was decreed that Shelley should not be allowed to have the custody of his own offspring. He was forced, however, to set aside 200*l.* a year for their support; and this sum was deducted by Sir Timothy from his son's annuity. The children were committed to the care of a clergyman of the Church of England, and were of course educated in those principles which their father looked on with aversion. The son, as the reader has already seen, died when a youth; the daughter is still living. As to the monstrous injustice of this decree most men are now agreed; and no further remark need be made on so repellant a subject, except an expression of astonishment that the name of Dr. Parr should be found among Shelley's opponents. His testimony was given, and quoted very frequently, as to the respectability of the persons appointed, under Chancery, as guardians of the children.

Dr. Parr all throughout his life had a perfect mania for thrusting himself into other people's affairs and volunteering information about them, their oxen and asses, and everything that was theirs. But the most curious part of the matter is, that in reading the diary of that tobacco-loving pedant we have in almost every different page a different character of each person criticised; and the ease with which the Doctor converts a fulsome panegyric into coarse abuse of the person just praised testifies little for the value of opinions so hastily formed. At the end of chapter vii. we have a long and somewhat incongruous list of books which were "read by Shelley and Mary in 1817." Amongst them we have the plays of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, parts of *Plato* and *Homer*, "*Roderick Random*," "*La Nouvelle Heloise*," "*Memoirs of Count Grammont*," "*Political Justice*," "*Rights of Man*." We have been previously informed by Captain Kennedy of Shelley that "he told me that he had already read the Bible four times. He was then only twenty years old." Lest, however, we should wax incredulous at the idea of an educated youth of twenty having done what nowadays a national school-boy scarcely in his teens would not think it worth while to boast of, the editor adds a modest little note stating that at the time Shelley must have been nearly if not quite twenty-one. In 1818 Shelley quitted England, never again to return to it. Lord Eldon had uttered a vague threat that the Court of Chancery would deprive Shelley of his infant son by his second wife, and to avoid this monstrous exertion of fanatical authority, Shelley took refuge in Italy. Most of our readers will probably recollect the magnificent lines which the poet addressed to his child on this occasion. Here is one who practised what others preached against Shelley:

The article in the *Quarterly Review* was a criticism on "*The Revolt of Islam*." Shelley read it for the first time at a public room in Florence, and laughed loudly at its absurdity. Yet the calumnies it contained probably led to a dastardly attack on him at the post-office by an Englishman, who, addressing him as an atheist, knocked him down, and ran off. Several efforts were made by Shelley to discover and punish the cowardly scoundrel; but they failed. The poor fanatic effectually shrouded himself in secrecy.

Shortly after, Shelley writes to Mr. Ollier,

I hear that the abuse against me exceeds all bounds. Pray, if you see any one article particularly outrageous, send it me. As yet I have laughed, but woe to those scoundrels if they should once make me lose my temper. I have discovered my calumniator in the *Quarterly Review* was the Rev. Mr. Milman. Priests have their privilege.

Between Shelley and Byron, according to the authoress of this volume, a perfect cordiality seemed never to exist. Byron, in one of his letters, was candid enough to own that, though he admired and esteemed Shelley, his feeling for him did not amount to entire friendship; and Shelley "felt somewhat oppressed by what he conceived to be his lordship's superior poetical powers."

We could almost imagine that the attempted assassination of Shelley, which we have before mentioned, owed its origin to some such morbid state of mind as that described in the following extract.

The wildness of the objects by which he was constantly surrounded—the solemnity of the solitude in which he had voluntarily placed himself, broken occasionally by the uproar of the half-civilised men and women from the adjacent districts—the abrupt transitions of his life from sea to land, and from land to sea—the frequent recurrence of appalling storms, and the lofty but weird abstractions of the poem he was composing—contributed to plunge the mind of Shelley into a state of morbid excitement, the result of which was a tendency to see visions. One night loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm; Mrs. Shelley also endeavoured to reach the spot, but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon, the Williamses found Shelley staring horribly into the air, and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he related that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside, and beckoned him. He must then have risen in his sleep; for he followed the imaginary figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated, "*Stete sodisfatto?*" ("Are you satisfied?"), and vanished. The dream is said to have been suggested by an incident occurring in a drama attributed to Calderon. Another vision appeared to Shelley on the evening of May 6th, when he and Williams were walking together on the terrace. The story is thus recorded by the latter in his diary: "Fine. Some heavy drops of rain fell without a cloud being visible. After tea, while walking with S. on the terrace, and observing the effect of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and, stopping short, he grasped me violently by the arm, and stared steadfastly on the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him sensibly affected, I demanded of him if he was in pain; but he only answered by saying, 'There it is again! there!' He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (*Allegro*, who had recently died) rise from the sea, and clasp its hands as if in joy, smiling at him. This was a trance that it required some reasoning and philosophy entirely to wake him from, so forcibly had the vision operated on his mind."

It is unnecessary for us to repeat the story of Shelley's death. What lover of poetry has not read of the pale corpse washed ashore in the bay of Spezzia; and who has not sighed that the short space of thirty years had bounded such hopes, unhappiness, and poetical fame as are associated with Shelley's name? The melancholy story of the

poet's young widow is narrated at length in these pages—a story which gives us the highest opinion of the patience, fortitude, and good sense of that lady. It will be seen from what we have said of this volume that it throws no very new light upon Shelley's life and times. Many of the letters, however, are exceedingly interesting, though, from the erasures of the editor, we are occasionally quite in the dark as to their exact meaning. For instance, the three letters in page 162, &c., might, in our opinion, just as well be omitted. What they very darkly hint at would puzzle an *Œdipus*, unless possessed of other information than that given in this volume. What Shelley might have been had his life been prolonged, it matters not now to speculate. Of him it might truly be said that

E'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.

Yet, gloriously endowed with intellect as all must admit that he was, it is equally certain that that intellect was a prey to a feverish fanatical enthusiasm, which slew the phantoms which it first conjured up. As to his poetry, notwithstanding its exceeding beauty, it does not require the gift of prophecy to be able to affirm that it can never become popular. Without special relevancy to anything past, present, or to come, its surpassing beauty and ideal earnestness cannot hide its unreality.

Though we do not agree with all the sentiments put forth in this volume, yet we heartily recommend it to our readers as the latest, freshest, and most genuine tribute to the memory of one whose life shows us how little connection there may be between genius and happiness.

THE TWO PATHS.

The Two Paths: Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

IF WE ADMIRE the genius of Mr. Ruskin for its rhetorical power, we are also wearied with the manifold evidences of conceit which he furnishes, and are provoked by his persistence in the same illogical condition of assumptive arrogance and dogmatic assertion. No writer on art has given finer proofs of cultivated imagination and capacity, or more pregnant examples of a refined fancy; but this constant mixture of debasing alloy with pure metal is as destructive of unmixt pleasure as it is provocative of ennui and annoyance. It is this mingled feeling of provocation and delight which has given that contradictory character to our comments on Mr. Ruskin's former productions. Our praise and condemnation (we suspect) have both appeared to be too strong for those who will not understand that the elements which constitute Mr. Ruskin's peculiar idiosyncrasy may afford matter both for reprehension and admiration. The divergence of Mr. Ruskin's imaginative force and practical weakness are so extreme, that, however awkward the juxtaposition of censure and applause may appear, we must be permitted to assert that nothing can be more sincere and conscientious than our expression of both those feelings. It is Mr. Ruskin himself that is inconsistent, and the more we are charmed by the inherent force of his imagination and the refined capacity of his highly-educated fancy, the more we must be offended by the wilful deformities by which he has rendered vain the presence of so many beauties.

Without relying upon the superior intelligence on many subjects of the present age, and its almost absolute ignorance of others, we may safely state our belief that it is owing to the partial ignorance of the public at large that Mr. Ruskin has obtained an amount of fame in art-writing that has scarcely a parallel in art literature. But even that fame is beginning to topple to its fall, for Time, who is ever at work with his analytical crucibles, has more than begun to discover the incongruities, beauties, and deformities of which this gentleman's works form so remarkable an example.

The book before us is a potent exemplification of the reasons why Mr. Ruskin is gradually losing that hold upon the attention of his readers, and is reducing to smaller limits the stream of admiration which used to overflow whenever he was wont to launch his boat upon the sea of art ethics. He has "backed and filled" with theory, developing such imperfect practical seamanship, that the favouring winds have lulled out, and he now lies on a lee shore, with an ebbing tide of public approbation. This is a matter for deep regret with us, for the attention we have heretofore paid to his works, and the space we have devoted to them, prove sufficiently what importance we attach even to his very errors, and what great things we think might be expected from him, if he could only be made to exert himself on the right side, with those who have succeeded in gaining the approbation of the world. But an affectation of taste, and an insolence of manner, though they cannot destroy genius, will surely prove destructive to fame and annihilating to respect and regard. Therefore it is that we reprobate such conduct with a severity proportionate to the mischief it occasions.

It is almost impossible for any reader possessing either taste or sensibility to peruse Mr. Ruskin's writing without feeling that he is gifted with powers of fancy and imagination joined to a capacity for expression quite beyond any former or present exponent of art theory. When he is desirous of impressing a fact, of narrating circumstances, of poetically detailing supposed influences that may have actuated the artist, or of describing the rapid impulse which thought has fructified into a slight sketch, he betrays a power to which we can find no parallel in time past or present. And it is precisely on

account of these qualifications that we so earnestly watch Mr. Ruskin's works; because his great facility of language and his copious power over imagery, though well calculated to rouse poetical fervour, are entirely beside the purpose that should actuate the lawgiver or lure the mind of the student to a calm consideration of the principles upon which art is based, and the practice which is best calculated to fulfil its aim.

It must be borne in mind that the work under consideration is the last from Mr. Ruskin's pen; that he is no longer in his noviciate; and that he has not lacked, as we ourselves can testify, admiration and admonition, either from others or from ourselves. With all these advantages and means of improvement, however, we are sure from present evidence that his capacity for giving instruction has not enlarged, nor have his uncommendable qualities been abated; and it is to these two circumstances that we may fairly trace his decline in public estimation; for, instead of gaining fame as his race continues, he but prolongs his course by sufferance and in consideration of the praise which he formerly justly earned.

It is sad to see the continued misuse of acknowledged powers, and to behold the obstinacy with which he has persisted, spite of kindly warning, in conduct so subversive of commendation and so destructive to reputation. The warm-hearted public is naturally disposed to be indulgent towards the errors of youthful impulse, especially when united to genius, and looks with expectation through a vista of years for the correction and uprooting of those faults; but, if these be persisted in, they come to be considered as vices, and people turn away disappointed and disgusted from a continuation of faults that no longer retain even the quality of being novel. In addition to his unquestionable genius and education, two reasons, we believe, have combined to give Mr. Ruskin his present status. One is the ignorance of the public; the other the enthusiastic hero-worship, generated and promulgated for him by a certain band of mutual-admiration neophytes, whose fancies are captivated by glitter, exaggeration, and novelty, whose excitable temperaments are readily set on fire, even by the flames of false sentimentality, but who were and are sufficiently astute to know that eccentricity is one source of success, and, above all, sufficiently well-to-do to be enabled to practise their eccentricities and shout their paeans without being forced on the shores of starvation. On the other hand, men of large practical experience and sound theoretical ability not only refused to receive the *dicta* of Mr. Ruskin, but warned each and all that that gentleman was incompetent in practice and incomplete in theory; which latter assertion they chiefly proved then as now by quotation of Mr. Ruskin's own writings, from which it was patent that that gentleman had a subtle facility of knocking himself down. And the result of all this has been that, as without this process, and indeed in spite of it, some had exalted him to deification, so by it with many he has become too much damned.

For our own part we shall continue to testify in favour of Mr. Ruskin's talent and genius, and as resolutely as ever against his fallacies and shortcomings, considering it indeed as our chief duty to counteract the neglect into which he seems to be falling, both by endeavouring to correct the faults by which it is provoked, and by pointing out the excellencies by which those faults are redeemed; and although we cannot altogether sympathise with the indiscriminating scorn and sweeping condemnation with which he is met in many quarters, we can see very clearly how such feelings have been excited, and can very readily enter into the sentiments, though at the same time we think the expression of those sentiments has been occasionally carried somewhat too far. Mr. Ruskin's faults are peculiarly glaring, and to sober understandings, we admit, peculiarly offensive; but they are united in him with great gifts and large acquirements, and ought not alone to be remembered when brought forth to be tested by the scales of justice. His chief faults may be summed up in two words, dogmatism and egotism, and it is very curious to trace the effects of these fungi upon every plant of his growing.

The purpose and nature of these five lectures or addresses, delivered at divers times and in different places, from Kensington to Manchester, during 1858-9, are yet connected in design and object, "their aim being to set one or two main principles of art in simple light before the general student, and to indicate their practical bearing on modern design. The law which it has been my effort chiefly to illustrate is the dependence of all noble design, in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of organic form;" and furthermore, in explanation of the meaning of the title:

I hope throughout the volume the student will perceive an insistence upon one main truth, nor lose in any minor direction of inquiry the sense of the responsibility which the acceptance of that truth fastens upon him—responsibility for choice, decisive and conclusive, between two modes of study, which involve ultimately the development or deadening of every power he possesses. I have tried to hold that choice clearly out to him, and to unveil for him to its farthest the issue of his turning to the right hand or the left. Guides he may find many, and aids many; but all these will be in vain unless he has first recognised the hour and the point of life, when the way divides itself, one way leading to the olive mountains, one to the vale of the salt sea. There are few cross roads that I know of from one to the other. Let him pause at the parting of the two paths.

These two passages may leave some doubt on the mind of a mere student as to their full purport; but here is language of which he can have no doubt, and which ought to be retained in his "heart of hearts":

Wheresoever the search after truth begins, there life begins; wheresoever that search ceases, there life ceases. As long as a school of art holds any chain

of natural facts, trying to discover more of them, and express them better daily, it may play hither and thither as it likes, on this side of the chain or that; it may design grotesques and conventionalisms, build the simplest building, serve the most practical utilities, yet all it does will be gloriously done. But let it once quit hold of the chain of natural fact, cease to pursue that as the clue to its work; let it propose to itself any other end than preaching this living word, and think first of showing its own skill or its own fancy; and from that hour its fall is precipitate, its destruction sure; nothing that it does or designs will ever have life or loveliness in it more—its hour has come, and there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither it goeth.

Truly sound reasoning from elevated thinking! and, indeed, this first lecture is full of many such fine passages, clearly enunciating the broad abysmal distinctions between naturalism and conventionalism. But now we come to one of those sad evidences of incomplete practice and imperfect memory, denoting instability of basis, sadly destructive of faith in such a lawgiver or propounder of principles: "Depend upon it, the first universal characteristic of all great art is tenderness, as the second is truth." Yet a little further on he says: "Thus in human life you have the two fields of rightful toil for ever distinguished, yet for ever associated, Truth first—plan or design founded thereon; so in art you have the same two fields for ever distinguished, for ever associated, Truth first—plan or design founded thereon."

The next address was delivered at Manchester in the early part of this year, and on its publication in June we entered fully into its merits in an article published in this paper on the 9th of that month. Those observations, on reperusal and comparison with the present edition, we find no reason to modify or alter, and but notice this lecture now to call attention to an added note by Mr. Ruskin, at least as remarkable as any paragraph which he has yet indulged in. Thus it runs:

I was prevented by press of other engagements from preparing this address with the care I wished, and forced to trust to such expression as I could give at the moment to the points of principal importance: reading, however, the close to the preceding lecture, which I thought contained some truths that would bear repetition. The whole was reported better than it deserved by Mr. Pitman, of the *Manchester Courier*, and published nearly *verbatim*. I have here extracted from the published report the facts which I wish especially to enforce, and have a little cleared their expression. Its loose and colloquial character I cannot now help unless by re-writing the whole, which it seems not worth while to do.

So that it would seem the whole of this lecture is deemed by the author himself to be utterly supererogatory and worthless. Can he, therefore, wonder that the public should show disregard for effusions thus characterised by such superciliousness, and utter disregard both for the spirit which induces him to utter things with such carelessness and afterwards to hold it and them in such contempt as to think both unworthy either of consideration or amendment?

In the third lecture, "Modern Manufacture and Design," in a passage which is too long for extraction, he indulges in one of those peculiar examples of dogmatism in which, though with faint grace, he to a certain extent admits afterwards that he has made assertions that could not be outborne; and this overthrow must always be the sequence to unqualified limitation of the laws of art. There may be fixed principles—and we assert there are—to build upon as far as rudimentary instruction is concerned; but beyond that it is utterly impossible to establish any code of laws either for practice or criticism; which, indeed, is proved by Mr. Ruskin's continued contradictions—natural results from endeavouring to establish as law what can and ever will remain but mere opinion.

Lecture the fourth is indorsed "Influence of Imagination in Architecture," and is made use of chiefly as a medium to prove that to be a great architect it is absolutely necessary to possess the capacities of both the sculptor and painter, and to have undergone a similar course of study—qualifications ever deemed requisite by educated intellects, save by the architects themselves; and of them and to them the lecturer says:

This conclusion then we arrive at—*must* arrive at, the fact being irrevocably so—that in order to give your imagination and the other powers of your souls full play, you must do as all the great architects of old time did; you must yourselves be your sculptors. Phidias, Michael Angelo, Orcagna, Pisano, Giotto, which of these men do you think could not use his chisel? You say, "It is difficult, quite out of your way." I know it is; nothing that is great is easy; and nothing that is great, so long as you study building without sculpture, can be in your way. I want to put it in your way, and you to find your way to it. But, on the other hand, do not shrink from the task as if the refined art of perfect sculpture were always required from you.

So apposite do we think the above sentences to present exigencies, that we would have it placed before almost every architect's door in London, so that both he and his pupils might read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest its full force. But pitiable it is that Mr. Ruskin, not content with showing cause for new modes, new endeavours, and manly work, must descend to such specious dalliance and seductive illogicalities as the following with regard to architectural sculpture.

And first, observe what an indulgence we have in the distance at which most work is to be seen. Supposing we were able to carve eyes and lips with the most exquisite precision, it would all be of no use as soon as the work was put far above the eye; but, on the other hand, as beauties disappear by being far withdrawn, so will faults; and the mystery and confusion which are the natural consequence of distance, while they would often render your best skill but vain, will as often render your worst errors of little consequence; nay, more than this, often a deep cut or a rude angle will produce in certain positions an effect of expression, both startling and true, which you never hoped for.

Could there be a more exquisite example of the American "an-it-don't-signify" philosophy than this? Down with foregone conclusion, and "hurrah for accident!"

Lecture number five is entitled "The Work of Iron in Nature, Art, and Policy," whereof he states:

The subject is, of course, too wide to be more than suggestively treated, and even my suggestions must be few, and drawn chiefly from my own fields of work; nevertheless, I think I shall have time to indicate some courses of thought which you may afterwards follow out for yourselves if they interest you; and so I will not shrink from the full scope of the subject which I have announced to you.

The first head is taken up to show the permeating influence of "Iron in Nature;" and having eloquently though somewhat discursively impressed the fact that

Iron is in some sort, therefore, the sunshine and light of landscape, so far as that light depends on the ground, but it is a source of another kind of sunshine quite as important to us in the way we live at present—sunshine, not of landscape, but of dwelling-place—

he then proceeds to the second head and consideration of "Iron in Art." Speaking of its applicability and use therein, he wisely says:

All art worthy the name is the energy—neither of the human body alone, nor of the human soul alone, but of both united, one guiding the other: good craftsmanship and work of the fingers, joined with good emotion and work of the heart. There is no good art or possible judgment of art when these two are not united, yet we are constantly trying to separate them. Our amateurs cannot be persuaded but that they may produce some kind of art by their fancy or sensibility without going through the necessary manual toil. This is entirely hopeless; without a certain number, and that a very great number, of steady acts of hand, a practice as careful and constant as would be necessary to learn any other manual business, no drawing is possible. On the other side the workman, and those who employ him, are continually trying to produce art by trick or habit of fingers, without using their fancy or sensibility. That also is hopeless; without mingling of heart-passion with hand-power, no art is possible (no fine art, that is). The highest art unites both in their intensest degrees, the action of the hand at its finest, with that of the heart at its fullest.

With the alteration of the one word *judgment* (which from the context is evidently a clerical error) to that of *attainment*, this is as clearly stated and as nobly said as the head and heart can desire. But then, shortly after, he falls into some strange mistake as to what should properly constitute "fences." After "babbling of green fields," and anathemising iron railing, he continues:

When I was inclined for society, I could lean over my wall and talk to anybody; when I was inclined for science, I could botanise all along the top of my wall—there were four species of stonecress alone growing on it; and when I was inclined for exercise, I could jump over my wall, backwards and forwards. That's the sort of fence to have in a Christian country; not a thing which you can't walk inside of without making yourself look like a wild beast, nor look out of a window in the morning without expecting to see somebody impaled upon it in the night.

Doubtless, if this were quite a "Christian country;" but does Mr. Ruskin want to have it shouted into his ears, even as Iago did into Brabantio's, "Thieves, thieves, thieves! Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags"? Mr. Ruskin finishes his discourse with some profound observations which are curiously and pungently applicable to present circumstances:

No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses as well as over that which corrupts. For many a year to come the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or subdue. Nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you will ever draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth; when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.

But it is not sufficient for Mr. Ruskin that he should win the right to wear laurels for utterance of such ennobling sentiments as the last quotation evinces, but he must also lay claim to be allowed to wear the cap and bells by cutting such salutary capers as are involved by the underneath quotation, a tempting dish to spice and pepper with satire and sarcasm; but having, we believe, by our former notice, induced the absurdities, we cannot further "batten on the moor." We leave the paragraph to such comments as must naturally arise in every thinking reader's mind, with a firm hope and an anxious wish that Mr. Ruskin may amend faults, and become that real benefactor to art and artists which he is so fully capable of being.

The thing so commonly said about my writings, that they are rather persuasive than just, and that though my "language" may be good, I am an unsafe guide in art criticism, is, like many other popular estimates in such matters, not merely untrue, but precisely the reverse of the truth; it is truth, like reflections in water, distorted much by the shaking receptive surface, and in every particular upside down. For my "language," until within the last six or seven years, was loose, obscure, and more or less feeble; and still, though I have tried hard to mend it, the best I can do is inferior to much contemporary work. No description that I have ever given of anything is worth four lines of Tennyson; and in serious thought, my half-pages are generally only worth about as much as a single sentence either of his or of Carlyle's. They are, I will trust, as true and necessary; but they are neither so concentrated nor so well put. But I am an entirely safe guide in art judgment; and that simply as the necessary result of my having given the labour of life to the determination of facts rather than to the following of feelings or theories.

BACON REDIVIVUS, OR A NOVISSIMUM ORGANUM.

Suggestions as to the Employment of a *Novum Organum Moralium*.

By TRESHAM DAMES GREGG, Chaplain of St. Mary's, Dublin.
London: H. Baillière. pp. 72.

THE SECOND TITLE OF MR. GREGG will better explain the purport of this pamphlet. It is styled "Thoughts on the Nature of the Differential Calculus, and on the Application of its Principles to Metaphysics, with a view to the Attainment of Demonstration and Certainty in Moral, Political, and Ecclesiastical Affairs." This sound-

ing title—which reminds us somewhat of an old Castilian grandee's string of Christian names—is flanked by two Hebrew mottoes and one Greek. We think our readers will allow that if Mr. Gregg has attained, or has the slightest possible chance of ever attaining, to certainty in either moral, political, or ecclesiastical affairs, he will be a benefactor to the human species, compared with whom Caxton, Luther, Harvey, Jenner, or any other worthy ancient or modern, must hide his diminished head. Let us take love-making, for example, which we suppose is to be set down in the moral category. Mr. Tennyson tells us

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

But by Mr. Tresham Gregg's novel employment of the differential calculus we shall all of us be able to make love without any chance of losing. "Forewarned is fore-armed;" and it is not to be expected that any one of us, after having specialised to his own case the general formula of love-making, will venture, if the figures (for Cupid's reign will be over) prove unpropitious, to expose himself to a certain rebuff. Nay, rather, if one lady be coy, shall we not sit down and calculate our chances with another, and so on until we can woo with a certainty of wedding if we choose? Nor let ladies suppose that they are excluded from the benefits of Mr. Gregg's golden discovery. In their case, however (until they acquire the privilege of making gentlemen offers), the calculation will be a little more intricate, as they will have to take into account the chances of a gentleman offering his hand at all. The certainty of successful love-making is, however, but one out of the innumerable advantages which we shall have from "certainty in moral affairs." Again, in politics we shall take the formula, and apply it to Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Mr. Bright, or any other political celebrity; and we shall at once find the man for our money, and shall reject with equal scorn, if they do not thoroughly chime in with our formula, the anti-Papal tears of Mr. Newdegate, the sarcasms of Mr. Disraeli, or the peace-loving pathos of Mr. Bright. As for certainty in ecclesiastical affairs, we prophesy an immense and speedy diminution in the number of curates. What man will not be written down an ass if he enter the Church without the certainty of a bishopric, or at all events of a deanery or fat benefice? In a word, Mr. Gregg's discovery, if successful, will work a complete change in the aspect of mundane affairs.

It is with deep regret, then, that we announce our opinion that Mr. Tresham Gregg's "*Novum Organum*" is not only utterly incomplete at present, but never has the faintest chance of being one while nearer completion to the end of time. We repeat that we say this with regret; and we think we can show our readers that we have excellent reasons for this regret. We do not know that we should have calculated the chances of our ever being refused a second time; but we undoubtedly would have sat down and ascertained whether there was any possibility of our being emancipated from the necessity of reviewing any of Mr. Gregg's publications in the dog-days. We would hope against hope, and believe in Mr. Tresham Gregg against all belief, if we could only do so under any circumstances whatever. Our motto is not "*incredulus odi*." Incredulous we may be, but assuredly we have no hatred—nay, rather much love—for certainty in affairs both moral, political, and ecclesiastical. We ask our readers, then, to condole with our hard fate, for we cannot help thinking that in this instance our incredulity will be folly in the eyes of Mr. Gregg. He says: "The fool might raise the laugh of derision, but his laughter, his scorn, and his sarcasm would only go to prove his own imbecility and ignorance. This we intend as *verbum sapienti*, and we caution the scorner that he shall writhe beneath the lash, should his folly prove him deserving of such retribution."

"Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor," sang the poet; but far harder, we assert, is the fate of any one who criticises unfavourably Mr. T. D. Gregg's literary offspring. Nay, we have bell, book, and candle (we sincerely hope that we shall not add to Mr. Gregg's incandescent wrath by the use of such a Popish metaphor) for the excommunication of unbelieving critics. "Suppose a man," says the discoverer of the *Novissimum Organum*, "take up as his vocation (c) the part of a snarling, insolent, ignorant, and self-satisfied critic; the same law will hold good of him, and our formula, remaining unaltered, viz.

$$-ce \frac{dx}{dc} - cx \frac{de}{dc} - ex$$

presents, indeed, a repulsive aspect of the literary Zoilus. In the second member of the expression, the shallow ignorance and impudent assumptions of such a character are signified with a degree of certainty that vague considerations on it could never lead to; and, upon the whole, his utterly despicable nature is here made plain to the learned, with a distinctness that, we venture to say, would be otherwise unattainable." Mr. Gregg, however, reserves his clenching argument to the end. "Let us ask the individual," he says, "who might thus object to our proof, to inform us what curve is defined by the equation $r = a(1 + \cos \theta)$?" We answer at once, the Cardioid, but we are not at all convinced that $-cs \frac{dx}{dc} - cx \frac{de}{dc} - ex$ must be the equation to a "literary Zoilus," i.e. a disbeliever in Mr. Gregg's theories? For ourselves, we could much sooner believe in Mr. Gregg's dictum, as propounded in the five-act drama of King Edward VI., that tobacco was smoked in England during the reign of Henry VIII. In a word, we could sooner place faith in spirit-rapping, in Father Hardouin's theory of the classics having been

written by the Jesuits, in the non-existence of matter, and the non-identity of Mr. Gregg himself, than in the "Novum Organum" of the chaplain of St. Mary's. Let our readers only examine the matter for themselves; let them not be frightened by the Hebrew or Greek upon the frontispiece, or the idea of the difficulty of the differential calculus. Five minutes' study of any book on the differential calculus will give them all the learning they may require for understanding Mr. Gregg's equations; and five minutes more will suffice to convince them that they have lighted upon a book, the silliness and absurdity of which no finite quantity can represent.

Appended to this pamphlet we have an examination paper containing twenty-eight questions on the Greggian calculus:

1. How can Ireland be raised to its proper eminence as a nation?
2. Investigate an expression for convocation, and state the law of its operation on society.
3. What great moral truth is illustrated by the fact that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles?
4. Show that the eternal destruction of the unbaptised, who may even die in infancy, is in complete unison with corresponding analogies in scientific truth.
5. Give an idea as to the system whereby the books of the recording angels are kept in heaven, so as that even the slightest movement of man shall be numerically recorded, and the exact state of his account with Heaven made visible at a glance to the celestial intelligences at any moment.

This paper, we think, would pluck a dozen senior wranglers rolled into one. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not know who Mr. Tresham Gregg is, we would add that he is the chaplain of St. Mary's in Dublin, and a well-known popular preacher in that city.

DROPPING SHOTS FROM THE MUTINIES.

Campaigning Experiences in Rajpootana and Central India during the Suppression of the Mutiny, 1857-8. By Mrs. HENRY DUBERLY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 254.

Up Among the Pandies, or a Year's Service in India. By Lieut. VIVIAN DERING MAJENDIE, Royal Artillery. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. pp. 360.

WE LIVE a terribly fast life in this age. How many months is it since we first got news of those terrible events in India which begat such awful and unprecedented troubles there, and compelled us to assert our supremacy at the cost of so much precious blood and so much treasure? Not many, surely. And yet it is now all over, and the thing almost forgotten, save in the hearts of those who buried the hopes and the happiness of their lives at Lucknow, at Delhi, and at bloody Cawnpore. Why, it is not so very far back since we had a volume from Mrs. Henry Duberly detailing her experiences of the Russian war; for a campaigner of experience is Mrs. Duberly. Gallantry alone prevents us from calling her a veteran. And yet since that we have had not only the Indian mutiny, but a war with China; Europe has seen a Napoleonic campaign in Italy begun and ended; and here we are, sitting down to read two bran new volumes about matters which were past and gone when the late affairs we have spoken of were in embryo. Well may we say that we live in fast times.

Mrs. Duberly's batch of "Campaigning Experiences" is, like her Crimean "Journal," a pleasant chatty little volume, but not very profound. She is evidently a talkative kind of body, and is as garrulous with her pen as most of her sex with their tongues. She jots everything down in her note-book, and empties it out of her note-book into her volume, no detail being too minute to escape her faithful recording. She begins at the very beginning, and where her former book left you there takes you up. She tells you how, when the 8th Hussars returned from the Crimea, they were inspected by the Queen and forthwith packed off to India; what happened during the voyage; how a man fell overboard; how they got to Bombay, and how "my husband and I established ourselves in a large tent in the garden of Hope Hall Hotel, at Mazagon, near Bombay." We will spare the reader all these matters and also all the little details of Eastern life, interesting and curious enough we have no doubt to the inexperienced; but doubtless familiar to those who have read any proportion of the almost countless volumes which have been written about Anglo-Indian life. It may be noticed, however, *en passant*, that Mrs. Duberly does not give a very flattering account of the good manners prevalent in Bombay:

Notwithstanding their strict obedience to etiquette, I cannot say that I found the manners of my fellow-countrywomen in India characterised by real politeness. On one occasion we were dining at the house of the highest person in the presidency, himself remarkable for his courtesy. The guests, about seventy in number, were nearly all strangers to me; and during that *triste* period after dinner devoted to the ladies to the exclusive enjoyment of each other's society, I heard the question asked across the room, "Which is Mrs. Duberly?" and as loudly replied to by "There she is, sitting on the sofa, in pink," with the comment from a third of "Oh! is that the Crimean heroine?"—while two young ladies shifted their chairs, in order to take an inventory of me at their leisure.

From Bombay to Mandavee and thence inland to the scene of the mutiny, which had then commenced, Mrs. Duberly and her husband had to bend their steps. As they arrived the news of the taking of Delhi greeted them. Their first halt was at Bhoof, which they quitted on the 9th of February, 1858; and after a long journey, ended in forced marches, they reached Kotah, then in the hands of the rebels, by the 28th of March. No sooner were they arrived than they were summoned into action.

During the four last miles we had heard the guns firing on the town; but our astonishment was great, on our arrival, to see Colonel De Salis reading brigade orders before the men had dismounted, to the effect that an assault was

to be made at noon, and that the cavalry, 8th Hussars included, would turn out at seven A.M., prepared to take their share in the action! This was sharp work "and no mistake." And I must say that I observed with pleasure and with pride that, after two months' wearisome marching, after fifty-six hours of great exertion, with tired horses for which not a draught of water could be procured, without rest, or refreshment for themselves, save what the bare earth afforded, there were none who did not show that eager excitement and cheerful readiness which never seem to desert the English soldier in the field. By half-past seven the cavalry brigade marched off the ground, 1500 strong, and apparently as fine a body of men as one would wish to see.

There was some bad management somewhere; for the rebels were allowed to evacuate the town, and the fresh troops, covered as they were with laurels gathered in the Crimea, had no opportunity afforded for much addition to their glory. In detailing the fall of Kotah, Mrs. Duberly narrates a splendid example of what she most truly calls real heroism:

An instance of antique heroism, uncommon in these civilised days, occurred during the assault on Kotah. The rebel chiefs were endeavouring to make the most favourable disposition of their forces, and one of them rode with considerable difficulty to the top of a fortification, from whence he could command a view of all that was going on. As the mutineers began to fly and the English pressed into the town, it became evident to him that, before he could descend, the enemy would be upon him, and escape would be impossible. Choosing death rather than the disgrace of falling alive into our hands, he gathered up his reins, and plunging his armed heels into his horse's sides, rode him at the parapet-wall. The horse rose bravely at his last leap, and falling headlong with his rider a depth of 120 feet, both were crushed in one mangled mass together. In the days of Saladin and Cœur de Lion that corpse would have been carefully gathered up, and reverently buried, instead of being left to be devoured by the pariah dogs and pigs.

The following account of the constitution and mode of enlistment for Jacob's famous corps of Scinde cavalry is highly interesting:

No married man is enlisted into the corps, or permitted to remain in it; and the anxiety of the Sindians to be admitted into it is said to be very great. The candidates, if satisfactory in other respects, are mounted on horseback, without a saddle, and with a plain watering-bridle. They are then taken to a steeple-chase ground, extending over two miles, and supplied, artificially and naturally, with every kind of obstacle, and told that the first men in will be chosen. Even before I had heard of this initiatory process, I used to admire these dashing riders, who sat so easily on their horses, and looked so well. During the expedition of our flying column there was a ford to be crossed—deep, wide, and difficult; but they made no check. Plunging into it, they splashed and scrambled through it in ten minutes; while it took our people, with their staid notions, twice that time to cross. They are allowed a certain sum, out of which they provide their own horses, or Government perhaps would hardly approve of such expeditious movements.

On to Chandaree, a long and wearisome march, the rebels continually giving way and flying before them, greatly to the disappointment of our troops. One gallant hussar expressed the most eager anxiety to see a live rebel; "for," said he, "we have been marching after them so, that I begin to think there are none." At Antree, however, in the month of June, they came up with a body of them, and Mrs. Duberly witnesses a gallant charge in which the Europeans take all before them. The next place the 8th Hussars were stationed at was Gwalior, where Mrs. Duberly saw some more fighting. The account of an interview with the widow of the late Maharajah is very graphic:

The Maharanee, about eighteen years old, and dressed in black and gold, with sumptuous ornaments, was chiefly interesting on account of her little child, a girl of three years old, laden with pearl ornaments. She herself was almost entirely silent, and the widow of the late Maharajah, whose adopted son now reigns, was equally so; but the old lady and myself kindled into conversation at once, as flint and steel emit fire. "Was I the Englishwoman who had gone with the armies to make war upon the Ruski?" "She thought I was a much older person." "Could I ride on horseback?" "Had I seen a European battle between the English and the Ruski?" "Ay," she said, her dark eyes dilating as she spoke, "I, too, have ridden at a battle: I rode when Wellesley Saib drove us from the field, with nothing but the saddles on which we sat." She made me describe all I saw of the fight on the 19th of June, and asked to see my horses. Then suddenly telling me to take off my bracelets, she, scarcely looking at them, passed them on to the other ladies, and recommenced her conversation with me. She showed herself justly proud of the beautiful palace and town wherein she had lived and reigned so long. Presently women appeared, bearing trays of costly shawls. "These are presents," whispered Mrs. Filose, my interpreter, and in the innocence of my heart, unaccustomed to the polite fictions of Eastern courts, I fancied that the costly shawl of crimson and gold was destined for my future wear. How gorgeous it would have looked over a white *moire* antique! My surprise was great at being told merely to take the tray in my hand and pass it on to a woman who stood in waiting behind my chair. Seven times was I thus tantalised, but as the last tray approached, the Bhac-si-bhac, taking a piece of fine white Chandaree cambric, gave [it] into my hands, bidding me "keep it." Numerous offerings of fruit, betel-nut, rose-water, sweetmeats, &c., followed; when my interpreter salaamed, the ladies shook hands with me, and we withdrew.

To Seepree, and then more fighting with the rebels; afterwards engaged in the not very hopeful pursuit of pursuing that remarkably quick-heeled gentleman, Tantia Topee. Of the work done and the ground covered by the 8th Hussars, and Mrs. Duberly with them, some idea may be formed by the fact that from the 1st of February, 1858, to the 12th of January, 1859, the total distance marched over was 2028 miles. And let us remember that this is no light work for a delicately-nurtured English lady to go through—to march and ride in such a climate that strong men fell dead from their horses before her eyes, scorched and blackened by the sun. It must be confessed, however, that a lady must have arrived at some hardihood in campaigning who can speak of the "glorious voice" of an "18-pounder," and can mention the *onion* as "that blessed vegetable."

Of Lieut. Majendie's narrative of his exploits "Up Among the Pandies" there is not much to be said, but that it is just such a note-book as a smart young "Griff," with plenty of spirits and not too much discrimination, might be expected to keep. It has, for the

most part, been already published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, but makes its appearance now in a "more complete and extended form," as the author assures us. What sort of a hand the Lieutenant makes at sifting evidence the following very convincing argument, as to the alleged Sepoy atrocities, will serve to show:

During a conversation which I had with a person soon after landing, in the course of which I naturally recurred to the all-absorbing topic—the mutiny—I unwittingly touched a tender chord, for he sighed when I mentioned the subject, and said, solemnly, "Ah, sir, I have been a sad sufferer by it;"—he had lost his wife and thirteen near relations during the bloody scenes which had so convulsed India! Many a tale of torture and cruelty did he tell me; in some of the instances being himself personally acquainted with, or related to, the victims—tales of butcheries and the pouring out like water of innocent blood—of insults to ladies too horrible to mention—of repulsive indignities too dreadful to conceive, equaling, if not exceeding, in the atrocity of their details, any of those accounts which had chilled the blood of newspaper readers at home—but I firmly believed at the time, and I firmly believe now, what this man told me; he was a person holding a most respectable and responsible office under Government, and I have never seen any occasion for discrediting his statements. Why is it that by some these tales of suffering and torture are now disbelieved? Have we, since they were first published, seen anything in the Sepoy character—any unusual gentleness—any tender forbearance—any great humanity, which may justify this disbelief? If so, on what occasions? Surely not in the loathsome mutilations of the bodies of dead English soldiers which may fall into their hands—surely not in the frightful cruelties that they commit, to this day, when they have the power, on unfortunate villagers, their own countrymen, whose only crime has been remaining faithful to us—surely not in the taunting boast made by one of them, as he was being led to the gallows, that he died happy in the consciousness of having himself assisted and taken part in the killing of English children, and the dishonouring of—as he expressed it—"your wives, your mothers, and your daughters." These things are not calculated to elevate the Sepoy character in our opinion, or to cause one to think that in the first flush of triumph—in the first outburst of his pent-up hate, maddened by the taste of blood, and dazzled with his temporary successes, he would think of mercy; or is this disbelief merely assumed, to goad the poor shrinking sufferers into detailing before a curious public the misery, the indignities, the humiliations to which they or their families have been exposed?

So that a casual conversation held with "a person," soon after landing, is to upset the ascertained fact that no such things as mutilations can be proved against the Sepoys, and that there is not one single well-authenticated instance of such mutilations known. But, as a pendant to these unproved mutilations, let us conclude with Lieut. Majendie's own account of what took place at the taking of the "Engine House" on the day of the siege of Lucknow. As he was an eye-witness of the fact, and as it is an episode of the siege which has escaped too frequent description, the quotation is interesting.

There was a large building, surrounded by several smaller ones and out-houses, situated between the Kaiserbagh and the river, and occupied by the enemy, which it was necessary to clear, and two companies of the above-named regiment, under Major Ratcliffe, were detached for this duty, the remainder of the regiment, with some of the 38th, being posted outside. In some way or another the detachment became divided, and the greater number entered by a narrow passage at one side of the house; the smaller party with Major Ratcliffe entering at the other side. The former, pressing along this passage, in which they had two men killed, arrived at a small room filled with a motley collection of Pandies. Detachments of every native regiment in the service seemed to have assembled here; the blue and white uniforms of the Bengal cavalry soldier were mixed up with the red coats of the Sepoys of the Line and with the dark blue of the "Goolundaz" (or Artilleryman), while others were dressed in the plain white cotton clothes usually worn by natives. Equally various were the weapons wherewith they were armed—matchlocks, muskets, old cavalry sabres, tulwars, and pistols, flashed before the eyes of our men as they entered and drove the surprised rebels, cowed and trembling, before them into another small inner room. A fierce interchange of volleys was now carried on through the open doorway, the men on each side watching their opportunity to deliver a hasty shot round the corner of the door, without exposing themselves. This, however, could not last for ever, and after some time Captain Francis, the officer in charge of the party, ordered all his men to load; they then made a rush through the doorway upon the foe, and in spite of two of our men being shot, and two more cut down, they succeeded in effecting an entrance. A desperate fight now took place; the small room was so crowded by the enemy, who were as thick as standing corn, that there was hardly space to move, our men having literally to mow their way through this living mass,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death;

plying their bayonets busily and unceasingly: blow succeeding blow—flash following flash, in quick and deadly succession, till they had hewn for themselves standing room out of this mass of struggling, bleeding, panic-stricken mutineers. It must have been an awful scene—a mob of friends and foes crowded into a few square yards, hacking and hewing at one another—reeking bayonets and red-denied tulwar blades flashing high in air—occasional pistol-shots breaking in sharp and clear upon the hideous chorus of groans, and curses, and shrieks, which resounded through the air. Throughout the whole the work of death slowly but surely progressed, till the floor became red and slippery with warm blood, beneath the quick trampling feet of the combatants. The wretched Sepoys at last made a desperate attempt to escape by flying from the small room into a large central apartment, filled with engines, cranks, pipes, furnaces, boilers, and other appliances of machinery; just as they entered it, however, they were met by another body of rebels, who were trying to escape from the party under Major Ratcliffe, which I have before said had entered at the opposite side of the house, and which had fought its way through just such another scene as that above described, to the central room. And now, hemmed in on all sides, with all hopes of escape cut off, with nothing left for them but to die, the miserable Sepoys seemed to have become perfectly paralysed and helpless with terror, and to have made no further efforts, or very feeble ones, to defend themselves from our men. From the doorway at the opposite end of the room a leaden shower rained in upon them, our men actually piling up in the doorway the corpses of those they had killed, as a barricade against the shots, few and far between, wherewith the miserable wretches who still lived feebly replied to those murderous volleys which were striking them down by dozens. The scene of horror at last began to draw to a close; the shots becoming less frequent told that the work of death was nearly over, while our men, exhausted and sated with carnage, were firing a few last shots down the pipes and among the machinery, to put an end to the small number of Sepoys remaining, who were attempting to hide therein. Just then, as though to magnify this overwhelming accumulation of horrors, a fire broke out in the building, the beams and door-posts of the

room having become ignited from the constant discharge of fire-arms, and the flames communicating with the clothes of the dead and dying Sepoys who lay piled on one another on the floor, and spreading rapidly, owing to these clothes being in great part cotton, soon reduced the whole, as it has been described to me, to a sickening, smouldering mass of disfigured corpses. When I add, moreover, that mixed up with and among these corpses were several living Sepoys, who had hidden themselves underneath the dead bodies of their comrades, in the hopes of so escaping the general slaughter, and that these wretched creatures were thus roasted alive, my readers will agree with me that it would be scarcely possible to imagine a more terrible and ghastly scene. The number of the enemy killed in these rooms amounted to three hundred; while fifty or sixty more fell outside the buildings in endeavouring to escape, having fallen into the clutches of the remainder of the 20th Regiment, and the two companies of the 38th, who were stationed round the house. This large slaughter of the enemy was effected—incredible though it may appear—with a loss to us of only about eight or nine killed, and some fifteen or sixteen wounded!

Surely it was a red right hand that worked this terrible scene of vengeance.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

The Curate and the Rector: a Domestic Story. By ELIZABETH STRUTT. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. pp. 476.

THE SCENE OF THE STORY set forth in this little volume is supposed to open at Gormanton, a few miles from Cambridge; which enables the authoress to give some sketches of University life, and to introduce her readers to certain Cantabs, both model and scape grace, whose sayings and doings form the staple commodity of these pages. The plot—if plot there be at all—is exceedingly simple. We have a wealthy rector, whose god is his belly, and whose gourmandise occasionally comes into an amusing contrast with the Lenten feasts of his curate. The former gentleman, Dr. Pluffy, possesses, along with a managing, son-in-law-hunting wife, two dressey ogling daughters, the best thing about either of whom is a certain spice of romance, which ultimately leads the younger daughter to elope with a strolling actor yeleft Mr. Francis Shirley. Mr. Slender, the curate, passing rich on fifty pounds a year, is blessed with two model daughters; the elder of whom, Margaret, is certainly a very fascinating damsel, and who is ultimately rewarded, as such admirable young ladies should be, by the hand of a youthful Cantab who is the possessor of an ancient name and ten thousand a year to boot, and who presents his needy father-in-law with a living which, as in duty bound, falls vacant at the precise moment when it is wanted. We are also introduced to a certain young nobleman, Lord Orville, whom the authoress presents to her readers (by a misnomer) as a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge. This youthful scion of nobility possesses an amount of romance which alone would amply supply the joint stock of sentiment possessed by any half-dozen of the most novel-reading young ladies that we have ever met with. This same romance enables the young lord to do a good many curious things, and finally to elope to Gretna Green with a sister of Mr. Courtney, without there being the slightest necessity for any such elopement taking place.

One of the most interesting portions of this volume is the Curate's diary, which, we cannot help thinking, is copied—and very closely, too—from a translation from the German which appeared in one of the Messrs. Chambers' publications some years ago.

We will now proceed to give some extracts from the book, advising those young ladies who have brothers or relatives at Alma Mater to inquire from them how far these sketches of modern university life may be trusted; and those ladies who have not such relatives, to receive the said sketches occasionally *cum grano salis*. Let us give a specimen of Dr. Pluffy's family over their dessert:

"And so Clement Courtney called this morning," said the incipient Reverend Augustus Middleton Plumtree Pluffy.—"Yes; and he stayed so long—indeed, he generally does," returned Mrs. Pluffy, looking complacently towards her eldest daughter, "that he was afraid he should scarcely be back in time for dinner at Thornton Hall."—"Then, sure enough, his fears were rightly founded," rejoined her son, "for I met him myself, not two hours ago, in an exactly opposite direction, viz., going to Barnwell."—"To Barnwell? How very odd!—when he said he was in such a hurry!" exclaimed Miss Pluffy.—"How very mysterious!" exclaimed Miss Emily Eleonora.—"How very improper!" remarked Mrs. Pluffy.—"It is not at all odd," said Mr. Augustus Middleton Plumtree Pluffy, "for the players are there, and some confounded pretty girls there are among them; there is a little vixen of a Jewess, that plays tragedy—it would do your heart good to see her stab herself in 'Roxalana';—and as to its being mysterious, Miss Emily, Courtney, at any rate, makes no mystery of it, for he goes to Barnwell every day of his life, and sometimes three times a day; I have met him on the road as often myself."—"Then you must have been going there as often, by your own account," said Doctor Pluffy, "and that, you must allow, is not very proper—for you, at any rate; it is nothing very creditable even to Mr. Courtney, who is a man of large independent fortune; in you, Augustus, who have your fortune to make, it is the height of imprudence."

We hope that such Chesterfieldian logic as the foregoing is not common among the benefited clergymen of the Establishment. Here is a character of the much-abused and often long-suffering tradesmen of our university towns:

The patience of the shopkeepers in Cambridge certainly is truly edifying, as long as they feel assured that they shall finally lose nothing by it; and as the prices they have the modesty to charge are generally on the calculation of seven years' usurious interest, they have just conscience enough not to manifest any very great anxiety on the matter, till one half of that time be expired.

We can assure the authoress that Gormanton is too far from Cambridge for Cantabs to take the trouble of looking after country girls at church:

Added to these stationary aristocracies there was generally a very pretty sprinkling of young Cantabs, tempted by the love of novelty to come and look

about them among the country girls. The Misses Pluffy were in the habit of ascertaining at a glance the number and quality of the gowns in attendance; and on the same Sunday that the curate's daughters had been so surprised at the uncommon sight of two well-dressed strangers in their father's congregation, Miss Emily Eleonora was much more agitated by beholding, immediately opposite to her in the gallery, the young man whom she had the day before felt so much disappointment in not seeing at the blacksmith's cottage.

The same country girls may be seen in much greater perfection in any of the churches in Cambridge, at least if the Sunday be fine.

We may add that, though the axiom "that language was given to man to disguise his thoughts" has been attributed to Talleyrand, there is little doubt but that he borrowed it from Young's "Night Thoughts." It is almost needless to say that the following is greatly exaggerated:

It (a bill) ran as follows: "Augustus Myddleton Plumtree Pluffy, Esq., Debtor to Shortcake and Allpuff, confectioners, cooks, and fruiterers, dealers in liqueurs, &c."—"Why, bless me, Augustus," exclaimed Mrs. Pluffy, in dismay, dropping the bill, as she glanced her eye on the sum total, "what can you have wanted with such quantities of jellies and ices, and I don't know what? Grapes, too, and pines! how very foolish."—"I think so, indeed," said the doctor, "when he knows how much my forcing-houses are costing me."—"Why, sir, as to that, a man must give what other men give." Lord Orville has just paid these very fellows four hundred pounds for his bill with them last term. I should not think there is a more moderate account than mine in all Trinity, for the time; and I had rather not be at college at all than sneak like a snob out of my fair share of things."—"Yes, my dear," argued his mother; "but eighty pounds for three suppers and one breakfast! why, it is impossible half the things could have been eaten."—"Not by the men, I grant you," said Augustus; "but if there had been twenty times as much, the Gyps would clear it off, and that makes the rascals always send in so much more than is really wanted."—"Well, I do think it is a shame to be so robbed," said Miss Pluffy; "why, eighty pounds would find Emmy and me in dresses for a twelvemonth."—"Yes, but people must eat as well as dress, you will remember, young ladies," said their brother; "and as I do not comment upon your bills, I must request that you will not on mine. It is enough that those who pay them assume the prerogative of doing so." And so saying, with an air of offended dignity, he was about to leave the room; but the doctor was not going to let him off quite so easily.—"Stay, sir!" said he, drawing forth another paper of items, headed, "Augustus Myddleton Plumtree Pluffy, Esq., Debtor to Mrs. Fantail, milliner, mercer, and shirtmaker"—he began: "12 doz. French kid gloves, 14s. 8s."—"Twelve dozen!" shrieked his mother; "impossible! It must be a mistake; it must be half a dozen. Nobody in their senses would think of getting more than half a dozen pair of gloves at a time!"—"I am in my senses," said Augustus; "at least I consider myself so, and I always get my half-year's stock beforehand. There are only six dozen of white and six dozen of primrose; and I do not think any candid judge of such things would call that unreasonable." Miss Pluffy lifted up her eyes, but stood too much in awe of her brother's rebuke to risk incurring it again. Mrs. Pluffy had something of the same sort of feeling, which restrained her expressions of wonder and grief; and Miss Emily was absorbed in a reverie in which we do not mean to say white gloves had no share, any more than white ribbons, but which gave her countenance a sweet placidity that was a great recommendation to her in the eyes of Augustus, under the cloudy look of his affairs at that moment. The doctor went on, "Collars and fronts made to measurement, 10s. 16s."—"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Pluffy, unable to keep silence any longer, "I do call that abominable. Why, Augustus! you can get as handsome collars as you need wish to put on for twelve shillings a dozen!"—"I dare say you may, ma'am—English make; but these are Paris; they are what the Oxford men wear—and they have always cut us out in chokers."—"They will cut you out in everything," said the doctor, "unless you alter your conduct. And here is another most abominable thing—fifty pounds for cigars! an expense which, when I was a young man, was unheard of."—"Very likely, sir; habits alter. Your grandfather smoked, I dare say—you did not; your son smokes—your grandson may not. Some of our men contract for their cigars at a hundred a year, but I don't think that a good plan; only, then, to be sure, one always has plenty of prime for one's friends."

The latter half of this volume is somewhat tedious, as it is a sort of explanation (quite unnecessary) of what has happened in the previous half. We must protest against the grievous length of Lucy's first letter, which is also, fortunately, her last. Young ladies before the flood might have found persons to read and time to write such preposterously long epistles.

On the whole, there is a good deal to interest readers in this little volume; and we sincerely hope that the Messrs. Routledge will never have a duller volume in their forthcoming series.

Balthazar; or, Science and Love. By H. DE BALZAC. Translated by WILLIAM ROBSON. (Routledge). pp. 170.—It has often been a matter of speculative wonder with us how it is that no English publisher has been found enterprising enough to add a really good translation of Henri de Balzac's incomparable novels to our literature. That they are immeasurably the greatest works of the kind that France—indeed, we would add, any other country—has ever seen, does not admit of the slightest dispute. That they go deeper into the human heart, represent more truly the human passions, and reflect with greater accuracy the phases of human life, than any other novelist has ever been able to do, is admitted by all who know anything about the matter. Some may object that there are features in his compositions which render them undesirable subjects of study to the young and pure. To this we reply that we are not of that opinion. There is nothing in Balzac of that morbid pruriency, that wicked and frivolous delight in looking at bad things, which degrades Paul de Kock to the level of the obscenest scribbler, and renders his works utterly intolerable to any decent mind. Balzac touches Vice but to scourge her; he drags her forth into the light of day, sets her up in the pillory, and calls her by her right name. When Jezebel is painted and leans out of the window, she gets neither courteous epithets nor courteous treatment from him. To those only who are for ignoring vice altogether, and who lull themselves into a comfortable belief that moral diseases can be cured according to the Mosaic treatment of leprosy, by covering up the sore so many days, will the works of Balzac be objectionable. We believe that, so far from having a demoralising effect, the careful and thoughtful perusal of Balzac's writings can have no other effect than to increase the love of virtue and the dread of vice. The

specimen before us fulfils none of the conditions which we consider essential to a good translation. Mr. Robson is neither better nor worse than his predecessors; but (if the truth must be spoken) the so-called translations which are foisted upon the public as genuine reflections of good French romances by authors of reputation are really the most miserable parodies that can be conceived. They reproduce neither the vigour nor the elegance of style for which the originals are celebrated, and those who read them must be utterly at a loss to account for the great reputations which their authors enjoy in their own country. Now, if there be any author who ought to enjoy a special indemnity against being treated in this manner, it is Henri de Balzac. His style is so admirable in every way, so vigorous, so wonderfully concentrated, that it is pitiable to find it filtered by a process of weak translation into such poor stuff as we have here. Let Mr. Robson and (which is perhaps more important) Messrs. Routledge understand that to make a good translation several qualities are needed. The translator must thoroughly understand not only the language of his author, but his spirit, so that he may translate the spirit as well as the mere form of the composition. Secondly, he must be able to write just such good vigorous English as it might be supposed his author would have written had he been an Englishman. In fact, the most perfect translation is that which renders a work into a language just as it would have been had that been the original language. To do that perfectly requires, of course, a writer equal to the original author; but it may be taken for a rule that as a translation recedes from that standard, so does it fail in being a good translation. Now "La Recherche de l'Absolu" is decidedly one of the finest of Balzac's novels. That and "Eugénie Grandet" are among the most charming tales in any language; and there is nothing in either of them that can call a blush to the cheek of the purest. It is a beautiful lesson, teaching how a single passion, even if it have apparently a virtuous motive, when indulged to excess, may so absorb all the qualities of the soul as to render it criminally egotistic, and so may produce all the effects of the most devastating vices. Balthazar Claës, in his innocent search after the alchemical secret that is to convert all things into gold, ruins his family as effectually as if he had given himself up to the worst excesses. This is the story which Mr. Robson has translated, and has called "Balthazar, or Science and Love;" why he has called it so is not very apparent. Of the merit of the translation the very first sentence offers a most notable proof. "There exists at Douai, in the rue de Paris, a house," &c. Of course the original runs: "Il existe à Douai, dans la rue de Paris, une maison." Mr. Robson is evidently unaware that houses cannot properly be said to exist, and that the word "existe," when applied to things, signifies "is," in the sense of "is extant." Balzac would no more have used the word in Mr. Robson's sense than Addison would have put into the Dream of Mirza "There lived a bridge."

Chronicle of the Hundredth Birthday of Robert Burns. Collected and Edited by JAMES BALLANTINE. (Edinburgh and London: A. Fullerton and Co.) pp. 605.—This goodly tome professes to be a complete memorial of all the celebrations of the Burns Centenary Anniversaries held over the world, and we have every reason to believe that it is as correct and as full as could have been expected, if not more so than could have been wished. Of the celebration itself, and of the manner in which it was everywhere carried out, we highly approved; and shall not readily forget the gratification which we derived from attending what was perhaps its most successful manifestation—that at Glasgow. But whether any good end is gained by collecting all the speeches that were made, and all the toasts that were drunk upon the occasion, some may be inclined to question. We, indeed, cannot but admire the courage which has prompted the achievement, and the faith in nationality which has inspired a belief in the possibility of being fairly remunerated for so tremendous a task. For both of these we think that Mr. Ballantine deserves the highest praise; and glad shall we be to hear that his hope has not been altogether in vain. That the publication will afford infinite gratification to most of those who made speeches upon the occasion there can be no doubt; and if each of these can be induced to buy a copy to hand down as an heirloom to posterity, to show how they joined in doing honour to the Bard on the 25th of January 1859, a very respectable circulation will be secured. As we have said before, the six hundred and five royal octavo pages of which this volume is composed are filled with speeches printed in double columns; and we question whether such a mass of talking, all about one subject, was ever got together before. The most remarkable feature in the whole is the wonderful sameness perceptible in all the great speeches. Whether it was "the historian of Europe," holding forth at Glasgow, or some minor Scot in remote Canada, very much the same train of thought, the same quotations, and sometimes even the same language, were used. It is only in the little speeches—in such little speeches as Sam Lover's gem proposing the health of "The Ladies," at Glasgow—that anything like novelty and spontaneous eloquence is to be found.

The Italian Campaigns of General Bonaparte in 1796-7 and 1800. By GEORGE HOOPER. With a Map. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) pp. 247.—Coming so close upon the actual enacting of a new edition of Bonaparte campaigns in Italy, this compilation by Mr. Hooper will be very useful for those who wish for a convenient opportunity of contrasting the new state of things with the old. It must be admitted that when the comparison has been made, it is not much in favour of the former; for although, owing to modern improvements in the mechanism of war, Magenta was more bloody than Lodi, and Solferino than Marengo, yet the proceedings of the uncle in Italy had a more solid effect than those of the nephew, who hands over Italy bound and bleeding to receive her liberty (!) at the hands of the Pope. "It is written," says Mr. Hooper, "to recal to the recollection of the general reader, now that Italy is again invaded by a Bonaparte, the principal incidents in the marvellous campaigns of the founder of a dynasty renewed in our day." Sixty-three years have passed since young General Bonaparte entered Nice to take command over the army of Italy, and yet the story of his conquests there reads as freshly as ever; destined, we fancy, to be remembered long after these strange and uncertain triumphs of his nephew have been forgotten. And with what means were they effected in comparison with those which have not yet left Italy! A small and enfeebled army, until his arrival

neglected, badly clad, badly provisioned—such were the soldiers to whom he said: "Soldiers! you are naked and badly fed; I will lead you into the most fertile plains in the world." And yet with those he opposed Austria and Piedmont in alliance (for Victor Emmanuel was not then, nor was there a Cavour, to preach the independence of Italy); and with such means and against such foes, he achieved one of the most brilliant series of victories that the world had seen since Cæsar, and inaugurated a career of conquest which was only checked by the snows of Russia. In fifteen days he was enabled to show a tale of results which as far exceed those of the late campaign in Italy, so far as solidity goes, as the latter is pre-eminent for fruitless and wholesale slaughter. "Soldiers! you have in fifteen days achieved six victories, taken twenty-one colours, fifty-five pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest portion of Piedmont. You have taken 15,000 prisoners, and killed or wounded more than 10,000 men." Less blood here; but much more of victory. And yet what was the result of all this victory? Did Bonaparte give liberty to Italy? No more than his nephew has done. He plundered her of her wealth and oppressed her people under pretence of befriending her; which, as yet, his nephew has not done. At the conclusion of the volume Mr. Hooper has added a chapter upon the state of Italy and the prospects of the campaign just ended by the unexpected treaty of Villafranca. It is just possible that had that termination to the project for liberating Italy been known to him, the speculations might have had a different tendency.

Stray Leaves of a Naturalist. By DAVID ROSS. (Houlston and Wright.) pp. 205.—If books like these encourage their authors to persevere in the improving and humanising study of natural history, they achieve a good end; if, more than that, they beget a taste for such studies in the minds of others, they accomplish a very great and useful purpose. To say that they add much to the stock of human knowledge might possibly be to award too high a praise; for it is not every naturalist who keeps a notebook that can hope to rise to the level of a Jesse or a Frank Buckland. Generally speaking, amateur naturalists are like some people who travel for the first time; they mistake whatever is new to them for a discovery, and because it was not known before to themselves conclude that it must be equally novel to every one else. Now in the volume before us there is undoubtedly much that is old and something that is fanciful, and a little that is trite; and yet it is a pleasant, readable, and very welcome little book. Its author says that these pages "were written during the intervals of severe study, and may be regarded as so many reminiscences of excursions in the field, and the development of early tendencies." Very well; we can have no possible objection to an author because he amuses himself by writing a book, provided that in doing so he does something for the amusement and instruction of his readers; nor can it be an accusation against an author that he has found a consolation in doing that which may afford pleasure and solace to others. The plan of the book is that, after an introduction taking a bird's-eye view of the three branches of terrestrial natural science, geology, zoology, and botany, Mr. Ross gives a number of pretty, semi-poetical, and semi-scientific chapters on such subjects as the drosera or sundew, the bitter-sweet, woodsorrel, forget-me-not, nightingales, and other kindred topics. It is impossible to read this without being convinced that the author is a very earnest and loving, if not a very distinguished, naturalist, and we do not envy the man who could close it without feeling that his mind had been directed to

Look up from Nature unto Nature's God.

Emily Morton, a Tale: with Sketches from Life, and Critical Essays. By CHARLES WESTERTON. (Charles Westerton.) pp. 210.—A publisher who is also an author has this advantage over other *litterati*, that he can at least secure the publication of his book; and, to be frank with Mr. Westerton, we believe that but for that circumstance the chances of the contents of this volume ever being seen in print would have been very slender indeed. If a publisher has his advantages, he should also remember that he has his duties; and we cannot but think that Mr. Westerton would have acted more wisely had he refrained from printing until he had

written something likely to bring him a solid reputation. This decidedly is not. The most prominent piece in the volume is the very commonplace story of "Emily Morton," in which the old, old *mariage de convenance*, and the neglect of a beautiful and evangelical but pious young lady, are visited with the usual allowance of unhappiness and repentance. "Captain Ackerley's Lecture in St. James's Park" is dull enough to be a *bonâ fide* report of a veritable lecture delivered by an eccentric character well known in London; and "A Visit to Hever Castle," "A Lecture on Poetry," and "The Sham Fight in Hyde Park," read like papers which have been offered to and rejected by every magazine in the country.

Biographical Sketches of Twenty-three Great Emperors, Kings, and Conquerors; for Juvenile Readers. By FRANCES ANNE UTTERTON. (Longmans.) pp. 248.—The authoress modestly announces that these pages are intended for the use of juvenile readers, and we think we can promise any juveniles into whose hands this book may come some pleasant hours of reading. The subjects for the sketches are somewhat fantastically chosen; and it would be an easy matter to select twenty-three other great emperors, kings, and conquerors, to the exclusion of all whose short biographies we have in these pages. Still we have nothing to find fault with; each story is told in such a simple straightforward manner, that young readers will, we think, study with considerable pleasure these historical portraits. The terminating section comprises half a dozen sketches of historical sites and scenes, commencing with a short account of the Sicilian Vespers, and terminating with the Siege of Gibraltar when defended by General Elliott. The book is ornamented by five engravings, the frontispiece representing Frederick Barbarossa sitting in his vault with his red beard grown through the stone table on which he rests his arms, waiting for the coming hour when the charm shall be broken. Miss Utterton gives us a translation of Rückert's interesting ballad on Barbarossa.

The Watering Places of England; with a Summary of their Medical Topography and Remedial Resources. By EDWIN LEE, M.D. (John Churchill.) pp. 339.—This is the fourth edition of Dr. Lee's popular guide to the various health-giving spas, brunnens, and sea-bathing places of England; and the author has taken advantage of the opportunity to make some very considerable additions, and to bring up the details and information to the present state of things. To the tourist and those yet in doubt whether Matlock, Malvern, or Sandgate shall receive their worn limbs, this capital little volume will be a welcome boon, and its issue at the exact period when that doubt invariably presents itself for solution is especially appropriate.

Handbook to Australasia: being a Brief Historical and Descriptive Account of Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, New South Wales, Western Australia, and New Zealand. Edited by WILLIAM FAIRFAX. (Melbourne: W. Fairfax and Co.; London: Algar and Street).—A guide-book likely to be of great service to colonists and emigrants; containing full information respecting Australia and New Zealand, arranged, tabulated, and indexed in a very complete manner and easy to be referred to. It is accompanied by an excellent map of the Australasian colonies.

We have also received: *Remarks on the Anatomical Relations between the Mother and the Fetus.* By Henry Madge, M.D. (Renshaw).—A reprint from the *Lancet* of a valuable contribution to obstetrical science, from a practitioner of reputation in that branch.—*What is a Comet? a Dialogue in Popular Form.* (E. Marlborough and Co.).—A useful little pamphlet, communicating the best and most received theories as to cometary bodies in an agreeable manner and easy to be remembered. It is illustrated by a sufficient number of diagrams.—The first three numbers of an eccentric serial story, of the would-be Shandean school, entitled *The Life and Adventures of Billabus.* By Richard Harris. (Darton and Co.).—Also the fourth book of *The Siege of Candia: an Epic Poem.* By the same Author.—*The Chosen People: A Compendium of Sacred and Church History for School-Children.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." (J. and C. Mozley).—A useful little school-book, but remarkable for no other fact than that it is by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CHRISTIANITY IN FRANCE.

La Chrétienne de nos Jours: Lettres Spirituelles. Par l'ABBÉ BAUTAIN. Première partie: *La jeune Fille et la jeune Femme.* Paris: Hachette.

WOULD THAT THERE WERE as much of spiritual elevation as of worldly wisdom in this book; but while the evil motives that influence the human heart are analysed with marvellous subtlety and depicted with consummate power, we do not encounter the divine forces which are to regenerate and save. Can these be found in any Roman Catholic work written at the present day? For long years Romanism, which once was a full life and a grand organisation, has been deadening into a thing of such minute and puerile prescription, that it would be almost dignifying it to call it superstitious, since superstition implies the play of spontaneous impulses. Religion is so sacred in our eyes, that we do not curiously or captiously inquire in what Church we meet it, if it gives stupendous signs of reality. God's Church is gathered from all churches, and if we see a worshipper in God's Church, we ask not from what temple less celestial he has come. We are not disposed, then, to judge the Roman Catholic Church as it exists at this hour with fanatical exclusiveness. But assuredly the Roman Catholic Church of France, from its exaggerated pretensions, its Pharisaic adoration of the letter, its selfish character, its Jesuitical tricks, its servility to despotism, its utter moral barren-

ness, seems to us a most tragical mockery. The rest we may denounce; it is the moral barrenness we lament. And we need no other evidence of this moral barrenness than that furnished by the warmest champions of the Gallican Church themselves.

It has been said that the novels of Balzac are the most faithful delineation of modern French society. But though we have thrilled with horror when reading a "Père Goriot," yet keener pain and more unspeakable disgust were ours from the perusal of such a production as this of the Abbé Bautain. As a literary achievement the volume deserves much commendation. Our author is not an original writer, not a massive thinker; but he has a brilliant rhetorical style, sometimes rising to pith, often varied by pungency, occasionally pathetic, and in the more solemn passages abounding with unctious. The Abbé Bautain is never profound—perhaps no Frenchman has ever been—but he is frequently acute; an acuteness, of course, immensely increased by the sad experience of the spiritual instructor. The remarks are not few in which we cordially concur; and numerous are the practical suggestions of value for persons of every class and creed. There is a living and manifold interest about these pages rare enough in English manuals of devotion. There is also the good sense to see that the tolerance of innocent recreation is a gain, not a loss, for the Kingdom of God—an important truth which the foolish puritanism of England persists in overlooking. The Abbé, who appears to have been a man of the world before

turning priest, has some excellent observations on dancing. He distinguishes between those modest and elegant dances prevalent in his youth, and those coarse, clumsy, indecent dances which now reign in his old age.

We could give many a column of extracts from the Abbé's letters which all our readers would be the better for studying. Nevertheless, our good and clever Abbé drags us into an abyss of corruption from which we are glad to escape. From his account there would seem to be scarcely more than two sorts of women in France—those sinning or preparing to sin, and the devotees. Now, besides the natural licentiousness of the French, which feeds and is fed by their natural vanity, there are other reasons why French women are so often either Messalinas or hypocrites. The chief is the want of the home feeling to which England owes so much of her purity and strength. The second is the odiously mercenary element in nearly all French marriages. The vast majority of English marriages are marriages of inclination; the vast majority of French marriages are a traffic as abominable in flesh and blood as aught which American slavery can present. Details here would be offensive; the region is foul and sickening, and we rush past it with swift foot. The third is the absence of moral teaching, of moral principle, of any conception of duty for duty's sake. Religion, even the highest, may sanctify morality, but it does not create it. The more religion admits the independent basis, the independent claims of morality, the wider and the loftier is its own sphere. It is not that religion and morality are to be pedantically severed where they have harmonious action, or that we are to divide and subdivide after the preposterous fashion of the phrenologists. But heroism, rectitude, truthfulness, justice, are in themselves immutable, and God has always smitten with the rod of his fury the nations that have substituted for them those ritual pomps which the Hebrew prophets so sublimely anathematized. Now a Frenchwoman, under the guidance of her priest, learns morality only as the puny product of a mass or a confessional. She therefore tramples it down, casts it aside, without even the affectation of scrupulosity. A fourth reason is the predominance of the sensual in French ideas and in French language. If the sensuality were of a robust kind it would be far less dangerous; but it is a morbid lasciviousness, to be found nowhere except in France. Now true virginity of soul must be a beautiful ignorance. Yet how is such ignorance possible when allusions are so incessant to medical or physiological secrets, from which an innocent English girl is guarded as by the flaming swords of the cherubim? In this very book, though the topics of discourse are all professedly religious, there is an opulence of filth which may be exceedingly delectable to the maidens, the mothers, and the widows to whom the Abbé Bautain's "Spiritual Letters" are addressed, but which to us is intolerably nauseous.

A fifth reason, and the last we mention, though we could easily add to the catalogue, is that for the French woman, as for the French man, Paris is paradise. The healthy and abiding virtues must have the free breezes of nature continually blowing on them, must be refreshed by the dews of the earth, must hold converse with the mysterious voices of forests and seas, must climb the mountains to be hushed into ineffable thought by the Almighty's serenest starlight. What are the virtues that flourish in the glare of Parisian saloons? Virtues that differ little from vices. There is, to be sure, a class of women in France highly extolled by the Abbé Bautain—they who consecrate themselves to a religious life by strictest vows. But here one of the Catholic Church's most disgusting doctrines comes into play. An infinitely higher merit is ascribed to the most insignificant nun, either in the cloister or out of it, than to the noblest wife or mother. This cardinal and criminal error we have no words too fierce to scourge. The complete man or the complete woman is the man or the woman entering into all the social relations. And if it comes to be a question of self-sacrifice for others, which is diviner—the love which is stung into dauntless daring and boundless generosity by the mere sight of human suffering; or that which is ungrudging in gifts and in renouncements, because it has made a bargain with heaven? The Abbé Bautain is pleased to observe—he is rather a heavy joker—that the charity of Protestant ladies always ends like a comedy, with a marriage. Granting that this were true, even in the case of an angelic Florence Nightingale, what then? Would not from the hearth still go a sacred fire, to warm all the children of misfortune? The Catholics make a prodigious fuss about their Sisters of Mercy. But take away the theatrical, take away the expectation of eternal reward, and what remains? In a Protestant land like our own there are thousands and ten thousands of unchronicled denials and offerings of self, even unto the death—denials more adorable, offerings more lavish, than any ever made by a Sister of Mercy, and having their root, not in the hope of recompense either here or hereafter, but in the simple promptings of humanity and affection. We know the defects of Protestantism, and we have often enough exposed them. But, at all events, Protestantism permits a natural existence, and saves us from those hideous leproses of which the Abbé Bautain is the unshrinking showman, under the delusion that they are miraculously sacred and sweet. No showman can be more successful in presenting the Frenchwoman of seventeen or eighteen to us as a creature for sale. If she is not bought by a man thirty or forty years older than herself, she sells herself in what we cannot help regarding as a mode still more revolting; and it is blasphemous to talk of her in French sentimental fashion as the spouse of Christ. To each of these spouses of Christ

there is as a representative on earth the spiritual director—a personage whom the author endeavours to bring before us with a prodigality of melodramatic effect. To increase the empire of these popes in small, of whom the Abbé Bautain is one, is his supreme remedy for all the religious maladies from which the young Christian woman in France suffers. The choice does not always lie between the lover and the confessor: the young Christian woman in France may have both the lover and the confessor, or the confessor may himself be the lover. France swarms with degraded priests, and we know what they are generally degraded for. Michelet has wrathfully torn away the veil from this gulf of pollution into which hosts of France's brilliant daughters are yearly hurled; yet we are still invited by the Abbé Bautain to gaze down into it as from a Hill of God into a Valley of Delights. How far the dominion of the confessor extends the Abbé Bautain somewhat incautiously enables us to see; your Frenchman, after all, cannot be a good Jesuit; he is too fond of prating. A good Jesuit would not, in a published book, have told, as the Abbé Bautain tells, an interesting female penitent to ask her spiritual instructor for permission to read the Bible. This is a specimen of the whole execrable tyranny. A bosom tormented by remorse and yearning for a renewal of communion with the Omnipotent consoler, cannot possess, cannot open, cannot glance at that volume which Christians universally profess earnestly to revere, unless by the sanction of a mortal who may be a master in every villany while he is a slave in every lust.

When we have to consider the moral, the social condition of a people, it would be affectation to overlook the greatest moral, the greatest social agency. The moral, the social condition of France is as bad as it can be. This is maintained not by her enemies alone; it is declared with tears by the most enlightened, the most patriotic, the most devoted of her sons. They are the accusers, not we; if we seem to accuse, it is only that we may heal. And if we would heal, can we fail to inquire how the greatest moral, the greatest social agency operates in France? How does it operate? Let the Abbé Bautain inform us. It leaves France unreformed; but it puts enormous power into the hands of thirty or forty thousand ecclesiastics, so that no French woman dares to read her Bible, or to kneel to her Father in Heaven, or to perform the most insignificant act of real or supposed piety, unless by the approval of an officer of papal idiocy and wickedness in black. One of our Abbé's letters is to a young nun who wishes to quit her community because she is dissatisfied with it. A ground of complaint is that she is not allowed to pray when the movement of prayer is upon her. The Abbé treats this with unsparing ridicule and with remorseless severity. He tells her that she has in truth no right to pray, except in the manner and at the times prescribed by the lady at the head of the community. Furthermore, she is taught that the lady is acting wisely in driving the young nun to the things for which she has the most invincible repugnance, and in tearing her from the things for which she has the strongest sympathy. Thus if a poor creature is full of pity, would gladly spend all her time in visiting the poor, in ministering to the sick in hospitals, she is to be snatched from these beautiful labours, however her heart may long and bleed, and condemned to the most wearisome routine of the convent, to the most solitary meditation of her cell. If, however, she is of a contemplative and mystical nature, and would spend night and day in pious exercises, in ecstatic thought, she is to be sent into the lowest and most loathsome dens of poverty; she is to be dragged through everything in an hospital that may offend her senses and terrify her brain—that may repel, and exhaust, and madden, and murder her. The object to be kept uniformly in view is that the individuality is to be strangled, and that the human being is to be hammered and bruised into a blind and abject machine.

Now, if Protestantism is anything at all, it is the perpetual insurrection of individuality age after age. This is its grandest mission in England, and long may it be faithful thereunto. Obedience let there be: to obey is to rule, as in accordance with the Scotch proverb, "To thole is to overcome;" but let it be willing and intelligent obedience. Who more loyal, who more obedient, than the English? Whence the loyalty, the obedience? From the broad, the genial, the robust individuality of which political freedom is a consequence, not a cause. Try the same individuality in France, M. Bautain, and see if it do not produce far other, far more nourishing fruits than those which can ever ripen under the eye or the hand of a spiritual instructor. Besides the primordial design of this book—to make every French woman more the tool of the priesthood than the servant of God—a proselytising purpose is obvious, of which Fénelon, Massillon, and others of France's famous teachers and preachers in bygone days would have been ashamed in a work professedly intended for edification and not for controversy. How can we believe that the flame on the altar of duty is sacred to your soul, when you steal it to burn your neighbour's house down? The polemic to his weapons, the worshipper to his knees; but let not the polemic assume the attitude of prayer that his dagger may the surer, the swifter, the deadlier reach his neighbour's heart. Those who chose to take up the Abbé Bautain's book in a less earnest spirit than we have brought to it might cull from it a tolerably copious anthology of Ultramontane dilettanteisms. Thus, for instance, it would not do, so Ultramontanism deems, to love Christ for what of celestial he is supposed either to typify or to incarnate. M. Bautain is therefore obliging enough to assure us that at Jerusalem the Divine Word had the human form, the most beautiful

of all here below; that his divinity shone upon his brow, in his eyes, his countenance, his speech, his whole person; that his visage was full of sweetness and majesty, his exterior imposing. How vile the taste, how vulgar the mind, that can so pluck down what is revered as an invisible and unutterable glory into the paltry domain of cheap æsthetics and third-rate romance! M. Bautain addresses an epistle to a lady who is not very happily married. He wanted to console her, but did not well know how. He tells her that, not being able for the moment to do anything else, he set himself ardently to pray for her; that it appears it was the best thing he could have done; for that a ray of light had pierced the darkness of her heart, and that Jesus Christ, who slept in the bark which was agitated by the waves of a sea in a fury, had started from sleep, and with a word calmed the tempest. Here two things are observable—the extravagance of the language as applied to the spiritual condition of a woman whose husband has rather a bad temper, and the monstrous presumption of the author in dreaming that his prayer had instantaneously achieved a miracle of consolation.

Let these specimens suffice. Alas! M. Bautain, you are a clever writer, and, spite of your bondage to a bad system, a kindhearted man; but before venturing again to instruct others, how much have you need yourself to be instructed by the Father of Lights! how much may you learn even from the babes in Christ! ATTICUS.

FRANCE.

Notes from Paris on Literature, Art, the Drama, &c.

Paris, July 26.

"THE HISTORY OF THE WORKING CLASSES in France from the Conquest by Julius Caesar to the time of the Revolution," is the title of a work by M. E. Levasseur, which was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the month of August last, and is now published in an improved form by Messrs. Guillaumin and Co. of this city. The history of the *classes ouvrières*, under which term is included not only the labourers, but all those who live by industry, from the simple apprentice to the great merchant, as M. Levasseur says in his preface, has never before been written. The author of the present work, therefore, comes before the public, not merely as a writer, but as the first exponent of a new and great subject, and one which promises occupation hereafter for many brains and many pens. The labour given to such a work must have been prodigious, and the result justifies the undertaking, as well as the high eulogium passed upon the work by the Academy. The materials had to be collected from a vast amount of manuscripts and published works, of which a list is given, and this, with the numerous references at the foot of the page, will be highly valuable for future inquirers.

M. Levasseur divides his work into seven epochs, which may be shortly designated as the Roman period—those of the invasions; of feudalism and the Crusades; of the hundred years' war; of the Renaissance and the League; of Colbert and Louis XIV.; and, lastly, that of the eighteenth century, or, as the author calls it, of the Economists. The whole period of eighteen centuries may also be divided as regards the productive classes into the ages of slavery, monopolies, and dawning liberty.

In reading the account of the condition of the labouring classes during the early periods, from the time when workmen were branded like galley slaves or deserters with a red-hot iron, and when the name of the Emperor was imprinted on the hand in order that the badge of servitude should be always in sight, nothing strikes one so forcibly as the fact that, of all classes of society, that which has gained most by the progress of civilisation is the class which earns its bread by the sweat of the brow. Other classes have also been great gainers; but the labouring man of the present day is a prince as compared with his ancestor, who was looked upon and treated as an unruly beast of burden. A working man was not only compelled to remain in the occupation to which he had been bred, but his children and his children's children were bound in like manner. He could not marry without special permission, and the children were compelled to follow the mother's calling. At one period it was enacted that a man marrying the daughter of a fisherman should himself follow the same occupation.

The accounts given by M. Levasseur of the corporations and colleges, of the system of patron and client or courtesan, and of those of seigneur and serf, of monastic labour, of communes, of master and apprentice, of privileges and regulations of various trades, of freemasonry, and fraternities in the early ages, are highly curious and interesting. But the period which presents the greatest interest in an historical point of view is that of the Renaissance, when France drew her inspiration from Italy—when the genius of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael inspired John Cousin and Jean Goujon—when the Louvre and the Tuileries rose under the patronage of the superb Medici—and when Palissy the potter and Benvenuto Cellini produced those marvellous works which, to the present day, supply models and hints to the too imitative artisan and artist of the present century. It was during that period that the heretofore bare walls even of palaces began to be covered with figured and gilt leather, the progenitor of paper hangings; it was then that the manufacture of tapestry and carpets was introduced from Flanders and Italy, and that the tissues of Amiens, Lyons, and Tours were first produced. The first pair of silk stockings was worn in France by Henry II., and within thirty years 50,000 persons had adopted the luxury. It was then that France began to imitate and soon to rival the lace of the Low Countries, and that the preparation of morocco leather was begun at La Rochelle.

The account of the various monopolies and privileges which existed in the sixteenth century is very curious, and the contentions to which they gave rise were some of them ridiculous enough. The barber surgeons had, for instance, the monopoly of all chirurgical operations, but they were mere artisans, and quite incompetent to perform any more difficult feats than drawing teeth, letting blood, and dressing wounds;

nevertheless they had their charter and they enforced their rights. When, for instance, the operation for extracting or reducing calculus was introduced, the fraternity of barber-surgeons of Amiens, although including no members capable of performing it, laid a tax of five *sous* upon each operation. A dispute between the tailors and *fripier*s, or clothiers, lasted more than three centuries. The goose-roasters, not satisfied with the privilege of being the only persons permitted to roast and sell that savoury bird from which they derived their title, took to selling all kinds of fowl and game, and obtained under Louis XII. the right of cooking and selling "all kinds of meat in hair, wool, or feathers;" but there existed another corporation which already possessed the sole right of dealing in poultry, and this latter protested against the usurpation. The two appealed to the Provost, who decided in favour of the poultry-dealers. The goose-roasters appealed to the Parliament. The case was complicated. First one party was triumphant for a time and then the other, when at last, after a struggle of half a century, the King made an extraordinary effort, and declared the trade free to everybody. Some years afterwards, however, the poultry-dealers went to Parliament again, and the matter was not finally determined for thirty years more.

The same kind of conflict occurred between the hatters and the mercers; between the drapers, who could only weave with a moistened or greased thread, and the *sayetters*, who were only permitted to use dry yarns—still further complicated by a third corporation, which obtained the privilege of weaving with the two mixed.

We laugh at these things now, as we do at the old English laws about being buried in woollen, and at those two famous enactments, one of which made it punishable to wear anything but metal, and the other aught else than covered, buttons; but here in Paris, after three centuries have passed away, the butchers' monopoly has just been abolished, and a dispute still exists, or did but a few very weeks ago, as to the right of bakers to make certain kinds of cakes which the pastrycooks consider to fall within their exclusive monopoly.

M. Levasseur fully recognises the great services of Colbert. He declares him to have been the organiser of the industrial and commercial prosperity of France, and believes that, although he committed many errors, the greater part of his reforms were inspired by a sincere love of doing good, and that he must be ranked amongst the greatest benefactors of the working classes. This first history of the industrious classes of France would almost serve, with some slight alterations, for England also, or at least will afford excellent aid and means of comparison; and the lucid arrangement and careful execution of the work will secure for it the attention of all who are interested in the history and well-being of the great mass of their fellow-creatures.

Intimately connected with the subject of the work above referred to is another, by M. A. Corbon, the first complete work published in the new *Bibliothèque Utile* which was referred to in the CRITIC of the 2nd instant. The subject is the Education of the Working Classes, and the author is recognised as one of the fittest men in France to treat upon it. The little volume is divided into two parts, the first treating of the causes which prevent working men from making proper use of their faculties; the second showing how those faculties may be developed and usefully employed by means of a good preparatory professional education. The first part is subdivided into three chapters, treating respectively of the apprentice, the artisan, and the agricultural labourer. M. Corbon very properly lays considerable stress upon the choice of a boy's trade, but he does not believe that capacities are generally very specific; he establishes, however, one good broad classification under two heads, namely, those who have, and those who have not, a taste for precision and geometrical combinations, and he casts the various callings into two categories agreeing with the above division, calling attention at the same time to the necessity for taking into account the constitution and temperament of the youth. He combats the idea that a workman may not change his trade if he discovers that he is not well-fitted, or that he has a decided taste and capacity for a different one, and quotes the examples of Watt, Arkwright, and Fulton in support of his views. He inveighs with equal truth and force against the feeling existing in the minds of so many of the working classes against innovation, and especially against the introduction of machinery; and he gives a salutary warning to young men against confining their attention too exclusively to their own immediate occupations, arguing that he who has not the curiosity to learn a little more than seems absolutely necessary in his vocation seldom learns even that completely.

In the chapter on the *paysan* the author exhibits, in an admirable and interesting manner, the many dangers that youths from the country run into on coming up to town, and how terribly they are awakened from their dreams of ease and riches.

As regards education M. Corbon thinks that it is quite impossible to draw a line of separation between general and professional education, but believes, on the contrary, that the two are inseparable. He is not an advocate for much centralisation; he thinks that the village is a better place than the town for all education, and that the primary schools ought to be enlarged in their scope so as to become professional or technical schools also, and that the teacher of the former, if properly educated at a normal school, would be equal to the duties of both. M. Corbon quotes the technical school at Lyons, called La Martinière, after its founder M. Martin, and describes it as the largest and most useful in France. The number of its scholars last year was 600, in addition to a large number of adults who attended the evening classes only; the pupils remain in the school only two years; they are instructed practically in the elements of chemistry and physics, in drawing and geometry, and they are also taught carpentry, turning, modelling, moulding, and other manual operations, in workshops fitted up with all the necessary tools and implements. He also touches upon the various technical schools of Paris, criticising them in a free but impartial spirit, and lashing justly the tendency sometimes exhibited in such establishments to inculcate passive obedience, and so efface all individual character and originality. M. Corbon's work is contained in a small compass, but it contains a large amount of matter, and every page shows that he is handling a subject with which he is thoroughly and familiarly acquainted. There is not a bit of bookmaking in it; but it

is relieved by amusing anecdotes, evidently drawn from real life, and illustrating the argument in the most natural manner possible.

M. Amédée Achard was one of the very few correspondents of the Paris journals who, during the war in Italy, did not write his letters in the capital; he was one of two only, we believe, who were actually in front with the army, the *Times* being in error in stating that no French correspondents went beyond Alessandria. But M. Achard has a higher claim to attention than this: he was the first and, as far as we know, the only French correspondent who had the honesty not to repeat or invent falsehoods concerning the conduct of the Austrians towards the Piedmontese, and he had, moreover, the courage to denounce the disgraceful conduct. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we see a reprint of his letters, addressed to the *Débats*, now published by Messrs. Hachette and Co. They form only a small volume, and extend from the 10th of May to the 10th of June, including Montebello, Magenta, and Melignano, but, of course, not Solferino. M. Achard quitted the theatre of war immediately after the battle of Melignano, and he states the reason in a postscript, which does honour to his heart. On the 9th of June, the day after the last-named battle, he was on the field soaked with the blood

of brave men, when a wounded officer, the Commandant Rousseau, was carried by on a litter supported by four Zouaves; an hour afterwards he was in the cemetery where the dead were being interred. His feelings had evidently been wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, and he "could no longer bear to remain on that field of death, a spectator, a narrator, almost a stranger;" he could no longer bear to traverse the blood-stained plain, and recognise amidst the corpses with which it was strewn those of the friends with whom, the day before, he had been in gay and friendly intercourse. Many will fully sympathise with M. Achard's feelings, and those who have found it their duty to record calmly the circumstances of such terrible dramas will perhaps be less surprised than others that his pen should have refused to record longer what his heart felt so deeply. Incomplete though the narrative be, it is, as far as it goes, the most reliable French account of the campaign, and the letters are written with much elegance and in a lively style that makes the volume highly attractive. If the Austrians have any patriotism, any regard for the character of their countrymen, they will translate and circulate M. Achard's letters as a full reply to all the calumnies that were set on foot respecting the treatment of the Piedmontese inhabitants.

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THOUGH NOT STRICTLY A DRAMATIC SUBJECT, we cannot permit the utter extinction of a place of such venerable and notorious popularity as Vauxhall Gardens to pass without a few words of historical regret. There is certainly no one spot of ground in or near this mighty city which has so certainly had within its precincts such a constant flux of all that was great or gay, good or bad, foolish or wise, as this few acres of green sward that are now about to be swallowed up by the remorseless bricks and mortar that convert every remnant of rusticity into harsh town. If the age of magic were not utterly gone, a Dr. Dee or a Cagliostro might make strange groups flit across this area, where in life they revelled, some in simplicity, some in wickedness, and more in illenness. Fashion of every garb, and folly of every species, would here appear. The spurred boot, the loose trunks, flying cloak, and feathered hat of the cavalier have trod this sward and fluttered in these grounds. Nay, imagination, spreading its wings into the remotest times, might see mailed warriors who had fought at Cressy or Poitiers treading with deep imprint into these very grounds. For the twenty-nine acres of Fawkeshall are recorded, in an inquisition of the time, as in the possession of the Countess of Devon, and as of the value of three shillings per acre, their present price very probably being as many thousands. Coming down to a later period, here was the unhappy Arabella Stuart confined, in "a fair dwelling" belonging to Sir Thomas Parry, her only crime being a better title to the throne of England than that of James I. So good was the house and so pleasing the site, that Charles II. stipulated, on its being leased by the Crown to Henry, Lord Moore, that if his Majesty should think fit to make use of the house or any part thereof, he should have liberty to do so. It then fell into the possession of the ingenious Sir Samuel Moreland, and possibly from him may have been derived the taste for cascades, fireworks, and other "ingenuities." It was attempted for ever to damn the character of these profligate but still loyal as well as Royal Gardens, by associating with them the name of the hated Guy Faux; but our best antiquary (Lysons) indignantly repels the insinuation. Guy, he says, was a desperate wretch, and not likely to have a settled habitation anywhere, much less a capital mansion. It would seem that a portion of the twenty-nine acres had been separated from "the fair mansion," and let off into gardens at a very early period, for, like the crigin of all great things, the commencement of these Royal Gardens is difficult to trace. We hear distinctly of a "bowling-green," made under a patent of Charles I., who, whilst he was improving the town in the handsome district of Covent-garden, with its noble piazza and its streets named after himself, his wife, and young son, was not unmindful of his courtiers' recreation in the wholesome suburbs, more especially as he had a well of most pure water wherewith they might allay their potations of strong Cadiz wines. It appears, however, that the lusty courtiers took little account of the well, but revelled to their hearts' content, and beyond the patience of the moderate King. They dined at an ordinary, at six shillings a head (two guineas now), bibbed all day under the trees, and finally quarrelled with each other, fighting with rapier and dagger. The royal patent was withdrawn; but pleasure will have its fling, and the Lord Chamberlain (Philip Herbert Earl of Pembroke) set up his servant in a new Spring Gardens, in what is now St. James's Park, at an expense of 4000*l.* (say 30,000*l.*), where the Lord Chamberlain and his friends bowled away their time and their money in a very fast manner.

We find in that accurate repertory of all town pleasures, Mr. Pepys's Diary, that soon after the Restoration fresh gardens were laid out at Vauxhall, and he dilates on their pleasantness; and indeed they at that time smelt of the country, and not of bone-boilers. Beyond were the pleasant meadows of South Stockwell; near was also the Quadrant-fort raised by the Parliament, a memento of passed troubles; and further on was the remote village of Wandsworth. The Thames then deserved the name of silver, from its pellucid stream, populous with bright fish of every kind. Venerable Lambeth Palace was not then smoke-dried, nor had hovels and disgusting factories settled on the south bank of the river to pollute its purity and destroy its picturesqueness. Then the gay water-barge conveyed the gayer party to the pretty and fresh gardens spreading to the banks. Well might these Queen of Gardens look for a long and sumptuous reign.

Our essayists and novelists have done due homage to these gardens. The celebrated voyage of Sir Roger de Coverley to Vauxhall, in No. 383 of the *Spectator* (May 20, 1712), is well known; and gives us the scene as well as marks the character of the great English Squire, as apparent as if the reader had been of the party. The worthy author (Addison) takes as his motto a portion of one of Juvenal's lines, "Criminibus debent hortos" ("A beauteous garden, but by vice maintained"). But it may be doubted if there were a greater mixture of the wicked than there ever is in all public places. The *Spectator*, however, was in a severe mood, for he tells us: "When I considered the fragrant of the walks and bowers, with the chorus of birds that sang upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise." To be sure, the conduct of the mask who tapped the worthy Knight on the shoulder and challenged him to a bottle of mead was startling. Virtue in the person of the Knight contented itself with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef, and with the wish that there were more nightingales and fewer ladies who thirsted for bottled mead.

We advance nearly half a century, and find that neither the pleasures of the town nor the form of its literature have much altered; for the *Connoisseur*, imitating his great prototype, visits the garden, also in the merry month of May, showing us why these places of resort were called Spring Gardens. He reports "that the artificial ruins are repaired, the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin, and they have touched up all the pictures which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious connoisseurs who could not be satisfied without feeling whether the figures were alive." The conduct of the *Connoisseur's* Cit is not so dignified as that of the *Spectator's* Knight. He cares little for any shocks to morality, but is bitterly annoyed when he calculates that the ham is charged at the rate of sixteen shillings a pound; an ounce being cut so as to cover a plate.

We get on another quarter of a century, and the rockets are still blazing and the lamps still shedding their dimly-coloured lights on the varied frequenters of Vauxhall. And we find there is in the midst of the gardens "a pompous orchestra with an excellent organ, where a band of the best instrumental and vocal performers are engaged." Mr. Hayman's pictures celebrate the victories in Canada; Mr. Handel is represented by Roubillac, in the character of Orpheus, playing on the lyre; and we are told that "when the company have done feasting their eyes and ears, they may indulge their palates, and regale on whatever variety of elegant eatables and drinkables they chuse; and in this particular Vauxhall differs widely from the prudish and abstemious Ranelagh, where one is confined to tea and coffee." We now come rapidly on to the time of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards Regent, and then George IV. The fun is now more riotous; the drinks stronger; the ladies more robust; the dresses somewhat more like our own; the eternal blue coat and gilt buttons, large cambric cravat, and everlasting white waistcoat prevail. The real quality have forsaken the gardens. No more Walpoles brazing chickens; no more Miss Leppels attracting universal attention. Lords there may be, and even a Prince of the Blood Royal; but the ladies have forsaken the gardens. Bloods and dandies are there, and execrable champagne is paid for at the price of the choicest of the Epernay vintages. Down, down it goes. Still the illustrious Saqui ascends the rope encircled with fire. The performances are still the best of their kind. The pavilions are filled with doubtful characters, the gardens with orders. Proprietors quickly succeed each other, and, as was said of Drury-lane Theatre, the shortest road to Basinghall-street is by Vauxhall Gardens. Its dark walks get a worse name; its masquerades are a collection of vagabonds; and altogether, from its being the height of *bon ton* to visit the Royal Gardens, it becomes *mauvais ton*. "Give a dog," &c. Thus the delight of two centuries sinks to a nuisance, and finally is to be obliterated. So fades, grows dim, and disappears all that the fashionable world once held dear. For this consummation there were many sufficient reasons. Bone-boilers, enterprising builders, steam boat and steam rail are some amongst many causes; and it is rather to be marvelled at that they withstood so long the changes of fashion, the increase of the metropolis, and the rivalry of so many other entertainments, rather than that on Monday last they formally and finally closed their long career of revelry, amusement, and pleasure with as little admixture of art and intellect as could well be imagined. Nevertheless, we bid them an eternal farewell with regret. They ever will remain a notable portion of the history of the manners and amusements of the English people.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A MEETING of the Finance Committee of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 was held on Monday at the Privy Council Office. There were present Earl Granville (chairman), Sir A. Spearman, Bart., Mr. Thos. Baring, M.P., Mr. Coulson, Q.C., Mr. C. W. Dilke, and Mr. Edgar Bowring (secretary). A deputation from the Horticultural Society had an interview with the committee.

It is proposed to raise a monument by subscription to the memory of "dear old" David Cox, in Harborne Church.

Mr. Adams, the sculptor of the statue of General Sir C. J. Napier, in Trafalgar-square, has just completed the model of another statue of the same warrior, to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The General is represented in repose, leaning on his sword, with a rolled-up scroll in his right hand, which rests upon his side, so that the figure is totally different from its predecessor in the square, though the likeness is from the same source—a mask taken from the face after death. It stands eight feet high, on a plinth of six inches.

It is stated that Mr. Maclise is to receive 3500*l.* for two large frescoes to be painted in the lower part of the walls of the Royal Gallery of the New Houses of Parliament. The subjects are, "Waterloo, the Meeting of Wellington and Blücher," and "Trafalgar, and the Death of Nelson." In the Peers' Robing-room a Scriptural subject, "Justice on Earth, and its Development in Law and Judgment," is entrusted to Mr. J. R. Herbert, and the appropriation is 9000*l.* In the Peers' Corridor Mr. C. W. Cope will depict the "Great Contest which commenced with the Meeting of the Long Parliament and terminated in 1689." This corridor contains eight compartments, and each fresco is valued at 600*l.*

Having had an opportunity of examining some choice bindings by Mr. Zaensdorff, of Catherine-street, Strand, we have no hesitation in placing him in the very foremost rank of modern binders. Some of his work, indeed, renders him quite worthy to be classed with Grolier, Padeloup, Derome, and other great masters of this beautiful branch of ornamental art. One of the most exquisite specimens of his skill is the binding of a copy of the translation of Sakontala, by Professor Monier Williams, issued from the press of Stephen Austin, of Hertford, some four years ago. This volume is of itself one of the most beautiful examples of typography that has ever been produced, and is a *chef d'œuvre* worthy to be ranked with the finest works of Curmer of Paris, or the Imperial printing-office of Vienna. The illustrations in colour-printing being in keeping with the oriental character of the poem, Mr. Zaensdorff has chosen the enrichments of his binding in the same style. The *fond* of the binding is a rich brown morocco, with vellum inlaid. In the centre of the cover is a chequered table of vellum in diamond-shaped chequers, and coloured blue, green, yellow, brown, red, and white; these and the raised framework of morocco are most delicately covered with finely but richly executed designs of the most exquisite tooling, and on the extreme border lines and dots designed and executed with the most perfect finish. The back of the book is in the same character, the lettering being contrived by a series of minute dots. The reverse of the cover is, if possible, richer and finer than the outside. It consists of a beautiful piece of vellum let into the morocco, and relieved by some very chaste and beautiful geometrical designs in blue, red, and green. The gilding of the edges is relieved by some light and graceful scrolls. The book is contained in a beautiful case of black leather, lined with rich green silk watered, and shuts up with a patent spring-lock. Altogether a richer or more beautiful specimen of the binder's art we never remember to have seen.

The following report of the commission appointed to consider the subject of lighting picture galleries by gas has been printed:

The commission, consisting of Professors Faraday, Hofmann, and Tyndall, Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., and Captain Fowke, R.E., appointed for the purpose of reporting to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council on Education on the lighting of picture galleries by gas and on any precautions (if necessary) against the escape of gas, and the products of its combustion—having met at various times and considered the subject referred to them, now make the following report. There is nothing innate in coal gas which renders its application to the illumination of picture galleries objectionable. Its light, though not so white as that of the sun, is equally harmless; its radiant heat may be rendered innocuous by placing a sufficient distance between the gas jets and the pictures, while the heat of combustion may be rendered eminently serviceable in promoting ventilation. Coal gas may be free from sulphuretted hydrogen compounds, and in London is so at the present time; it then has little or no direct action on pictures. But it has not as yet been cleaned from sulphide of carbon, which, on combustion, yields sulphurous acid gas capable of producing 22*l.* grains of sulphuric acid per 100 cubic feet of present London coal gas. It is not safe to permit this product of the combustion to come in contact with pictures, painted either in oil or water colours; and the commission are emphatically of opinion that in every system of permanent gas lighting for picture or sculpture galleries, provision should be made for the effectual exclusion or withdrawal of the products of combustion from the chambers containing the works of art. The commission have examined the Sheepshanks' Gallery as an experimental attempt to light pictures with gas, and are of opinion that the process there carried out fulfils the condition of effectually illuminating the pictures and at the same time removing the products of combustion. According to the indications of the thermometer required and obtained, it does this in harmony with, and in aid of, the ventilation, and does not make a difference of more than 1 deg. Fahr. at the parts where the pictures are placed, between the temperatures, before and after the gas is lighted. Certain colour tests consisting of surfaces covered with white lead, or with vegetable and mineral colours (especially the more fugitive ones), and in which also boiled linseed oil, magypl, and copal varnish were employed as vehicles, had been prepared, and were, when dry, covered one-fourth with mastic varnish, one-fourth with glass, one-fourth with both mastic varnish and glass, and one-fourth left uncovered. Sixteen of these have been placed for nearly two years in different situations, in some of which gas has been used, in others not. They give no indications respecting the action of coal gas (except injury from heat in one placed purposely very near to and above the gas burners), but seven of them show signs of chemical change in the whites, due to either a town atmosphere or want of ventilation. The most injured is that from the National Gallery, Charing-cross, and the next is from a country privy; the third, much less changed, is from the House of Commons; the fourth is from the Barber Surgeons' Hall; the fifth from the Bridge-water Gallery; the sixth from the Royal Society's Rooms, Burlington House; the seventh from the British Museum. The remaining tests—hung in: 1, Sheepshanks' Gallery, South Kensington; 2, secretary's room at South Kensington, where no gas is used; 3, Mr. Henry Drummond's drawing-room at Albury Park, Surrey, 4, sealed up and kept in a closet in the secretary's room at South Kensington; 5, Lambeth Palace, vestibule of the staircase; 6, British Institution, picture gallery; 7, Windsor Castle, room with a north aspect without gas; 8, Mr. Thomas Baring's picture gallery, 41, Upper Grosvenor-street, frequently lit with gas—present no observable change in this respect. Though, apart from the especial subject submitted to the commission, the members cannot resist a recommendation that this kind of trial, which is especially a painter's experiment, should be continued for a longer period, and, indeed, be carried out on a more extensive scale. The commission think it right to state that they were unanimous on all the points to which their attention had been called, or which are referred to in this report.—(Signed) M. Faraday; A. W. Hofmann; John Tyndall; Richd. Redgrave; Francis Fowke, Capt. R.E.—South Kensington, 20th July, 1859.

The tendency of this report must be satisfactory to those who desire to have the public galleries opened in the evening; for it cannot be doubted that means

* Hofmann.

exist both for purifying gas from the obnoxious sulphide, as well as of excluding from the gallery to be lighted all results of the combustion of the gas. To the plan of placing the burners within a skylight, so that they are completely shut out from the room, there can hardly be any objection. We must confess, however, that we do not entirely understand the last passage in the report. Do the Commissioners mean that the experiment should be tried upon a few pictures first? And then, how great a space of time is indicated by the term "longer period?" Do they mean to say that they think it desirable that the effect of gaslight upon pictures after fifty or a hundred years' exposure should be ascertained before using it to the National collection?

The national cause in the matter of the fine arts appears to suffer in every way. This week many calamities have become apparent, and it really becomes the bounden duty of every one who has a voice to uplift, or a pen to wield, to use them in protesting against the gross want of decency with which the money of the nation is dealt with and its reputation degraded in the perpetration of the silliest and most inexcusable jobs. We lay aside for the moment such minor matters as the purchase of Hayter's picture—an abomination which the nation is coolly requested to consider in the light of a bargain, when it would be dear at any price—and also the continued favours, and something more solid than favours, showered upon the Baron Marochetti; and we come to the wonderfully cool manner in which the House of Commons, and through the House the nation, has been treated with respect to the management of the National Gallery by Sir Charles Eastlake. The charges which have been brought and proved against the very respectable President of the Royal Academy have been so often repeated, that we need do no more than refer to them in the most general terms. He has made nothing but bad bargains; he has purchased spurious pictures for genuine, and bad specimens for good ones, and for both spurious and bad genuine pictures he has paid the most exorbitant prices. He has suffered himself to be taken in by foreign dealers to an extent which has made this country ridiculous in the eyes of Europe, and has covered the walls of her national collection with the most abominable *croûtes* that could be conceived. More than this, he has caused such few good pictures as the collection really happened to be possessed of to be so scrubbed and cleaned, (?) that they are nearly reduced to the condition of worthlessness which is the normal state of his own acquisitions. Of all these sins of commission, and of many of omission (in neglecting to buy anything really good and admissible), the public has been long aware, and it was in obedience to the public voice that he was driven from the post of keeper of the national collection. Since that, however, the retirement of Mr. Uwins has been made the pretext for restoring the management of the National Gallery to Sir Charles Eastlake, for which he now enjoys a higher salary than before. Last year, moreover, on the motion of Mr. Coningham, Mr. Otto Münder, a gentleman who has the credit for being the principal agent in these mistaken purchases, was dismissed from his office of travelling agent, and the post was abolished. This year it appears that eight pictures have been bought for 3000*l.*, and the enormous sum of 650*l.* has been charged as "travelling expenses" incurred in making the purchases; so that it appears that a single picture cannot be purchased in any part of Europe without an expenditure of something over 80*l.* being incurred. This is the way the national money is jobbed. "But," says Mr. Coningham (and, we believe, with perfect truth), "the pictures so bought for 3000*l.* are really not worth more than the sum charged for travelling expenses." Is there no way of ascertaining whether Mr. Otto Münder has not had something to do with this? The worst of Mr. Coningham is that he is a little too zealous. By attempting to prove too much, he alienates from him those members of the House who do not understand the question very perfectly, and who are only anxious to do that which is right and fair. Why should Mr. Morris Moore and his "Apollo and Marsyas" be mixed up in the matter? Surely that might have been laid aside for once. Mr. Moore may be the most ill-used person alive; he may really be the victim of a conspiracy, organised by the Prince Consort and Sir Charles Eastlake, and carried out by every Government in Europe; but we can scarcely consent to consider the neglect of his picture a capital charge against the directors of a National Gallery. Another fact of a very awkward nature was suffered to peep out during the debate—the present Government has not made up its mind as to the site at Burlington House. Bravo! Who can wonder that the Royal Society is still engaged in putting its fine rooms into excellent order, never dreaming of being interrupted by the architect and the hodman? Or who can partake of Mr. Seymour's surprise at the remarkably "permanent" character of the accommodation provided for the national collection at Brompton? Our readers will not yet have forgotten our prophecy in this matter.

There may be "could hail in Aberdeen," but there can be no intelligible reason why Lord Haddo, the hope of that house, should set up for *conservator morum* as to what is decent and what indecent in art-education. Lord Haddo objected to an item in Supply because he does not approve of the nude model. He had visited schools of art, "and a more painful and scandalous exhibition he had never witnessed in his life." All we can say is that if Lord Haddo visited a Life School as if it were an "exhibition," his conduct can only be designated by the very term which he applies to the schools themselves: it was "disgusting." These schools, let us assure his Lordship, are not merely for the gratification of a prurient curiosity, but to enable the artist to study from nature; and it is as monstrous to suppose that they have an immoral effect upon the students who attend them as it would be to say that the terrible disclosures of the dissecting-table give a vicious bias to the minds of the students of anatomy. Lord Haddo, as a casual and most improperly-admitted visitor to a Life School, possibly forms his opinion from the effect it had upon himself; but that is not fair. He was there as an idler, who had no business there, and was merely gratifying his curiosity; the students are there for sober and serious work, and have no time to indulge in those speculations which appear to have been so dangerous to this hope of the Scotch Earldom. As for Mr. Gladstone's reply, we are surprised that he did not grapple fairly with the question, and support the necessity for these schools, instead of raising a branch issue and assuring Lord Haddo that no Government money should be spent upon Life Schools. Why not? If they are really improper, they should be suppressed altogether; if not, they should be supported and provided for. Lord Haddo, intending, we presume, to make a little display of his knowledge of such matters, undertook to assure the House that undraped figures were unknown to Phidias and Praxiteles. This, however, we apprehend to be more than any one can undertake to say. It is certain that both sculptors executed statues partially undraped, and that many of their school have left works without any drapery at all. Would Lord Haddo characterise the Callipygian Venus and the Venus of Milo as undraped figures, or the Anadyomene and the Medicean Venus as belonging to the decadence of art? For the future, Lord Haddo had probably better leave Southern art alone, and content himself with clapping a "cutty sark" upon the backs of such marble "hizzies" as may be set up in the public places of his native land. It is unco' cold there for the fashions of Eve.

The *Edinburgh Witness* states that the directors of the Edinburgh Royal Institution have bought from Sir Culling Eardley, for 500*l.*, a picture of "Mars and Venus," by Paul Veronese, to be placed in the Scottish National Gallery.

A communication from Rome says: "The magnificent statue of the 'Marine Venus,' which was discovered a few weeks ago in some excavations made in the

gardens of Julius Cæsar, not far from the Portese-gate, has been definitively purchased for the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg, for a sum of about 50,000*fr.* The war, political preoccupations, and, above all, the well-known aversion of the Pope to naked figures, have facilitated a purchase which would probably, in ordinary times, have been attended with serious difficulties. The statue is at present in the atelier of Professor Guaccherini, who has been charged with its restoration."—[Now that this rare opportunity for securing a first-rate specimen of ancient sculpture at the comparatively moderate price of 2000*fr.* sterling has passed away for ever, may we not ask where was Sir Charles Eastlake and his friend Mr. Münder when the bargain was being concluded? Surely such a work is more worth 2000*fr.* of national money than Hayter's dreadful picture is worth the monstrous sum that has been paid for it! But, then, to have purchased this Venus would have been to cast to the winds those fixed principles of mismanagement which appear to have become the very vital essence of the National Gallery; and who knows but what Lord Haddo and Mr. Spooner (sympathising with the Pope's "aversion to naked figures") might have taken offence?—ED. CRITIC.]

In order to complete the statues and *relievi* which were left unfinished by Thorwaldsen, the city of Copenhagen has voted an annual sum of 1,000 rix-dalers for six years. The sculptor Bissen has undertaken the direction of these works gratuitously.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

EXPECTATION, STANDING TIPTOE for weeks past, has at length caught a glimpse of Meyerbeer's last and long-promised work. "*Dinorah*, or *Le Pèlerinage de Ploërmel*," was submitted for the first time in a new guise on Tuesday at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden. In a composition of such magnitude any attempt to convey a correct idea by close condensation must of necessity fail, and this is our plea for being intentionally more copious than usual. Furthermore, as "*Dinorah*" will be frequently referred to in our musical pages, the broader the outline now given, the better for the future filling up. The libretto of "*Dinorah*" as a three-act opera is by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier; but the Italian version from the French bears the name of M. de Lauzières as its translator. Following the order of the programme we find the *dramatis personæ* as under:

Hoel	Sig. Graziani.
Corentino	Sig. Gardoni.
Un Cacciatore (a hunter)	Sig. Tagliaccio.
Un Mietitore (a reaper)	Sig. Neri Baraldi.
Dinorah	Mme. Miolan Carvalho.
Un Capraio	(Mme. Didie.
Una Capraia } (goatherds).....		(Mme. Marai.

The so-called "overture" to the work is thoroughly characteristic of Meyerbeer, from the short, solemn, and silent phrase which marks the opening bar to the more obstreperous clangour that precedes its closing one. It is excessively difficult, crowded with chromatic passages, and, in many instances, made to tax the capabilities of the wind instruments especially, to their utmost limits. Full of imitation and powerfully descriptive, its chief aim avowedly is to illustrate a habit prevalent among the inhabitants of Ploërmel, a village of Brittany, who once a year undertake a pilgrimage to the chapel of the Virgin. On one of the days appointed for this solemnity Hoel, the goatherd, and *Dinorah*, his betrothed, together with their friends, had set out at an early hour, and chanting the while hymns to our Lady, were on their way to receive the nuptial benediction. Suddenly a thunder-storm bursts over their heads and disperses the procession; the lightning strikes the dwelling-place of *Dinorah's* father, and utterly destroys it. While gazing on the ruins, Hoel foresees nothing for his betrothed but a wretched future. He therefore lends an ear to the counsels of a resident wizard, who dazzles him with the temptation of discovering some hidden wealth; but, in order to wrest it from its supernatural guardians (indigenous to Brittany), it is necessary to withdraw secretly, and to undergo a year's banishment. On hearing that Hoel has abandoned her, the unhappy *Dinorah*, attributing his departure to inconstancy, loses her reason, and perpetually wanders through the woods with her goat in search of her betrothed. The year expires; Hoel returns. There is a striking peculiarity in the arrangement of the overture. A chorus behind the curtain is heard singing "*Santa Maria*," at the close of which the instrumentation is again resumed. On the rising of the curtain the first picture exhibited is forcibly striking. In the background is a wild and dreary spot, growing still more dismal by the departure of the sun. Groups of peasants and goatherds join a quaint and highly-descriptive chorus, and as the last sounds fade away *Dinorah*—in the costume of the affianced maidens of Brittany—appears, in the act of seeking her strayed goat. After an apostrophe of some duration, she retires cautiously behind the shrubs, and *Corentino* is seen on the summit of the mountain. Descending, he enters his cottage door, and congratulates himself on a successful escape from the fairies and hobgoblins with which the neighbourhood has the credit of being infested. Brimfull of fears, however, and starting at the sound of his own foot-fall, he endeavours to console himself by an appeal to the goblet and his cornucopia. While thus sporting, *Dinorah* enters, and this so increases his fears of her witchery that there is scarcely any breath left in him. She endeavours to calm them, "imitates his lay," and then proposes, nay, compels, a dance. Overcome by fatigue, both fall asleep, and at this point of the action Hoel appears at the cottage-door. *Dinorah* makes her egress through the window, and Hoel and *Corentino* are for the first time confronted. A short controversy ensues relative to *Dinorah*, in which Hoel endeavours to chase the entertained idea in his companion's mind of her witchcrafts. Hoel, now alone, chooses gold for his theme, and expatiates on the deadening effects produced by too great a love for it. In another colloquy between him and *Corentino*, the annual pilgrimage and the direful events consequent on the past one form the subject-matter. *Dinorah* is again seen in quest of her goat, the others in pursuit of the same object, and with an invocation to all the saints in the calendar by the distraught *Corentino*, the first act closes. We next fall in with a beautiful moonlight scene, made mirthful by a band of woodcutters, who chant the potency of a neighbour's wine in banishing care, and wooing joy. Un Capraio is anxiously inquiring of them for *Dinorah*, and attributes the decay of her reason—which, by-the-by, is made to assume a novel form—to the absence of her betrothed. During the vain search she counsels the young maidens to beware of the cruel tyrant, while the chorus admit that the fair rose of love is always garrisoned by thorns. On their withdrawal, *Dinorah* again appears, not seeking her goat, but Hoel, and grieves in tones more mournful than the plaint of the nightingale. Amid the gloom of night a stray moonbeam reveals her own shadow, but which she imagines to be her lover. This is the culminating point of the opera, and here the famous aria "*Ombre leggera*" occurs. Her appeal to the shadow light is touchingly eloquent. On her disappearing, the ground is again occupied by Hoel and *Corentino*. The moon becomes overcast, the sky pitchy dark except when relieved by a broad glare of lightning, the winds moan, and the elements are lashed into fearful strife. Hoel, parting from his companion,

presents him with a nut bough, a sort of talisman for his weakness. *Corentino*, once more alone, "sings to keep his courage up." But perceiving *Dinorah* descending from rock to rock and afterwards approaching him, his awe returns; still more so as she alludes to the discovery of a treasure in which he has a concern, but on which she places an interdict. She again retires, and the two companions contemplate on the best mode by which it can be attained. *Dinorah*, seated on a rock and arranging a nosegay of wild flowers, is addressed by *Corentino*, when Hoel recognises a well-known voice, but is as yet under the apprehension of its being that of a phantom, that "appears and straight is seen no more." Another strain succeeds, seemingly more intent on mocking his woe. A storm suddenly breaks forth; a thunder-bolt destroys a bridge over a ravine at the time that *Dinorah* is seen crossing it, and she disappears in the tumultuous waters beneath. Over this highly-wrought scene the curtain falls for the second time. The third act brings morning, with the hunter and his horn, the reaper and his sickle, and a company of goatherds. A harrowing tale is told of the shrieks heard overnight, when the waters burst their boundaries and heaved with horrible convulsion from their lowest bed; a preghiera is introduced, acknowledging the All-Supreme in earth and heaven. *Dinorah* is discovered, though in a swoon; Hoel eventually recognises her; all things come to the desired issue; and with a gorgeous procession and a "*Santa Maria*" the opera closes.

The above is a sketch of the literary portion of the "*Pardon of Ploërmel*." On the present occasion we labour under some disadvantage in giving a detailed account of the music, for, added to the general impossibility of forming a correct opinion upon a first representation of any work of merit, we must urge the especial character of the music of Meyerbeer, which cannot be fully comprehended at once, but which always improves upon acquaintance. In the arduous part of *Dinorah*, that on which the success of the opera mainly depends, Mme. Miolan Carvalho has established a reputation here as well as at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, although the effort of Tuesday was by no means a fair test of her ability; for during the early portion of the opera she was evidently embarrassed by the novelty of her situation, and when further advanced and more at home, the unreasonable demand for an encore in a long and trying scene exhausted her physical powers. Mme. Carvalho is not blessed with a great voice, certainly, but she is nevertheless a vocalist of a high order; she executes the most elaborate and florid passages with ease and correctness, dwells on long-sustained notes without the slightest tendency to waver, and it is only when she bears much on the outer edge of the voice that it becomes meagre and unsatisfactory. Hence we imagine, when this new candidate for public favour becomes better known, her popularity will be more distinguished and the theatre reap a profit from her exertions. Mme. Didie achieved a new triumph in the opening of the second act, "*Ditemi, buona gente*," which was enthusiastically encored. Two choruses were similarly complimented; overture ditto. Among many other strikingly characteristic traits is an extremely novel combination in the third act—an aria *à la chasse* has an accompaniment for five horns, two natural ones in F, two in C, and one valve horn in C. There is also a very odd combination with piccolos and a bass clarinet. But we must pause here to pay a fresh tribute to the triumph of the band over myriads of bristling difficulties, and also to tender a word of praise to the great conquest in scenic art and stage machinery. With reference to the storm scene at the close of the second act, Mr. Beverley appears to have outdone himself. But to make the opera more attractive the shears must be well applied. Between the acts the name of Meyerbeer was continually resounding, and the venerable composer was led on by Mr. Costa to acknowledge the compliment. The encores prolonged the performance, that the last chord in the "*Pilgrimage of Ploërmel*" had scarcely died away ere "*Big Ben*" of Westminster thundered out "*One!*"

A brief allusion was made in our last to the final Royal Italian Opera Concert at the Crystal Palace. Since then we have been brought into contact with "another, and another yet succeeds." When the vocal and instrumental troupe under M. Costa had finished their seasonal course, that over which M. Benedict and Sig. Arditì have control, being duly organised, followed the forsaken track, merely changing the day of performance from the middle to the end of the week. It occurred, no doubt, to the executive, that as Mlle. Tietjens had never paid a professional visit to Sydenham, an opportunity too good to be overlooked now presented itself. Piccolomini, also, an universal favourite, who had not sung at the Palace since her trip to our son Jonathan, was also available. Then there was Giuglini and Guarducci, with a cluster of satellites; so that a concert which included so many really great vocal celebrities required only the patronage of a tasteful public to make Saturday's meeting equal to any preceding ones of a similar character. The sanguine anticipations formed by the promoters of the new series, though not fully, were to a great extent realised. Tietjens, avowedly one of the greatest impersonators of the lyric drama, is also possessed of vocal attributes of the highest order. In proof of this, we would merely refer to the grand scena and aria from "*Fidelio*," "*A qual furor ti condurra*" (scene 6, act 1), which was given with a breadth of expression and musical intensity but seldom met with. A duet, "*Sul aria*," from "*Nozze di Figaro*," stimulated the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. In this Tietjens and Piccolomini divided the honours. The latter lady was pre-eminently successful, and had to re-appear in everything entrusted to her. No triumph could have been more complete than *Zerlina's* air in "*Don Giovanni*," "*Vedrai carino*." Out of the storm that arose for a repetition sprang *Arlene's* aria in the "*Bohemian Girl*," sung to English words, "*I dreamt*," &c., and in a manner that many a native *prima donna* might copy to advantage. Giuglini's rendering of the *romanza*, "*Tu m'ami, mio bel angelo*" ("*When other lips*," &c.) was an admirable one, and well deserved the encore that resulted. The mirth-provoking duet from "*Italiana in Algeri*," "*Se inclinassi*" (sc. 3, act 1), told immensely, and Signori Belart and Aldighieri had to repeat it. Another decided hit was made by Sig. Badiali in the oft-attempted "*Non più andrai*." There was one drawback to the completeness of the entertainment, viz., the absence of Guarducci from indisposition. Visitors to first-class concerts calculate on the issued programme, and feel a disappointment that rarely vents itself in noisy expression. In this instance there was, of course, no blame attachable to any one. It is to be hoped that on the next occasion the conductor will either treble the number of orchestral executants, or not attempt such instrumental works as "*Oberon*" and the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" with merely a chamber band. In all other respects the Drury Lane company have a claim on public approbation.

A strong bill put forth by the musical directors of the Surrey Garden Concerts had the effect of cramming the spacious hall, on Monday last, almost to suffocation, long before the announced time for commencement. Reeves was the leading star, although Mme. Anna Bishop, Miss Dolby, and others of note and consequence had important work assigned them in the programme. In confirmation of the popularity of Reeves at this place, we advert to the circumstance of the stormy applause that invariably followed every thing that he did. Nor was this all. The non-compliance with monstrously unreasonable requests threatened, in one or two instances, not only to endanger the character of the concerts themselves, but to imperil life and limb. Many heads of families, as well as more adventurous individuals, withdrew

from a scene more resembling a bear-garden than an assemblage of orderly, intelligent, and music-loving people. The directors could not allay the storm, and Reeves would not. Why he should sing "Fra poco" twice, and every other piece twice, we could not certainly understand; and when the "shillings" attempted to awe the great tenor into compliance the aspect of the affair changed still more materially, and Reeves, in a bold yet respectfully-defiant tone, gave them to understand that, as he had done his duty towards a rational public, he was under no alarm, and would not as an Englishman be coerced. After a storm comes invariably a calm. A few very troublesome gentlemen being expelled, order was restored, but at too late a period of the evening to make it enjoyable.

Verdi's five-act opera, "I Vespri Siciliani," was produced at Drury Lane for the first time on Wednesday evening. The argument is based on the well-known historical facts relative to the oppression of the Sicilians by Guy de Montfort, the governor, the rapacity of the French soldiery, and the struggle for emancipation. The cast of Wednesday included Mlle. Tietjens as *Elena*, Sig. Mongini as *Arrigo* or *Henri*, and Sig. Fagotti as *Montfort*. We purpose going fully into this interesting work in our next.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THIS DAY BRINGS MR. ALBERT SMITH'S SEASON at the Egyptian Hall to an end, and Dame Gossip says that a part of the vacation will be employed by this amusing and successful entertainer of the public in getting married. Rumour is at least constant in this case, for the lady is still said to be Miss Mary Keeley. Thus will be falsified the adage which says that matches much talked of never come off, and thus will be verified the saying of the poet that

None but the brave deserve the fair.

We have not yet heard whether Mr. Smith proposes to spend the honeymoon at the summit of Mont Blanc or in Crim Tartary; but it is to be hoped that on his return he will be able to enliven his audience with something about matrimony from a comic point of view.

The papers have been very historical and very facetious this week about the final closing of Vauxhall. We believe that at last the dingy old place is really shut up, and that bricks and mortar will soon render its revival impossible. Without carrying our readers back to the days of Mr. Simpson (he of the cocked hat, the historical bow, and the stereotyped "Welcome to the Royal Property"), all that we remember of Vauxhall has been in connection with its worst days, and we can therefore view its destruction with feelings of unmixed satisfaction. Oil lamps even in thousands, and pasteboard temples, and crowds of roughs and drabs, are not very pleasant objects of contemplation, even when accompanied by bad and dear suppers, undrinkable punch, and the prospect of a row. But now, as Mr. Tennyson has observed,

The old order changeth, giving place to new;

and Mr. T. B. Simpson of Cremorne, with his fresh and beautiful gardens, brilliant gaslights, handsome, commodious hotel, and troops of civil waiters, all attended by the most perfect good order, have wiped out Vauxhall and its dirty dandism long ago. And we suppose the time will come when the same law will degrade that which we now prefer. Vauxhall was thrust out of town by mere topographical necessities. Houses grew round it, and a vulgar neighbourhood brought vulgar visitors, until the place became unvisitabile, and it rapidly declined to its fall. Who can tell how long it may be before Chelsea grows into a dingy suburb, and Cremorne has to give place to some new Pré Catalan out by Richmond or Twickenham?

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., F.S.A., the eminent antiquarian, whose labours have thrown such light upon the Wroxeter excavations, furnishes the following interesting information respecting the progress of the discoveries on the site of the Roman Uriconium:

It will be remembered that the first excavations laid open a very extensive public building, the exact object of which is very doubtful, forming the corner of two principal streets of the Roman city of Uriconium, one running east and west, buried under the soil, the other running north and south, identical with the road now called the Walling-street-road. The necessities of agriculture have required that the walls of this public building should be buried again, and they are now covered with a crop of turnips. It will be remembered, also, that to the south of this building the excavator had opened several rooms of what appeared to have been an extensive mansion. It is in this latter building that the more recent excavations have been carried on. I may remark that the whole site of this building, and no doubt of other buildings to the south of it, are included in the piece of ground of which the Excavation Committee is now the tenant. This piece of ground is bounded by the hedge of the Watling-street-road, or, in other words, it lies on the side of what was probably the principal street in the Roman city. After nearly a month's interruption, the cause of which is now sufficiently notorious, the excavations were recommenced from this hedge side from 80 to 90 feet to the southward of the former excavations. A wall was immediately found, bordering on the street, in which there were two doorways, one to the north, about 12 feet wide, approached from the street by an inclined plane, formed of very large and massive paving-stones; the other, about 30 feet more to the south, not quite one-half as wide, and approached by two stone steps, very much worn, and in a manner which showed that the concourse of people who entered on foot must have come generally up the street from the south. Both these entrances led into a court about 40 feet square, paved very neatly with bricks in herring-bone fashion, which in places has been a good deal damaged and mended during the Roman period. The larger entrance was probably intended for horses and carts, and it is rather curious that in this part of the court a portion of a horsehoe was found. Among numerous objects found here and lodged in the Museum at Shrewsbury were two portions of very fine and large capitals of columns, so that there must have been in this part of the building a great display of architectural magnificence. The interior of this court has only yet been partially cleared, but walls have been traced in the centre which may perhaps have belonged to a fountain. On two sides, north and south, this court was bordered by a series of small square rooms, the floors of which were some feet below the level of the court, and which, as they now remain with the walls between two and three feet above the court, have no apparent means of entrance, and are found filled with different objects, which would lead us to look upon them as store-rooms. One appeared to have been a depot of charcoal with undoubted traces of mineral coal (they have only been partially cleared out), and in two others, one on each side of the court, were found great quantities of bones of different animals, stags' and other horns, &c.; and, as many of them had been sawed and cut, they may, perhaps, have been collections of materials for the manufacture of the various objects of bone and horn which are found very abundantly in the excavations. We are led almost to the supposition that there may have been magazines of such articles for sale by the circumstance that a number of weights, made of metal and stone, some of them with Roman numerals upon them, were found scattered about. In this court, also, were found some skulls and other remains of dogs, which have been pronounced by comparative anatomists to belong to mastiffs of the pure old English breed. At the back of this court, or eastern side, was found a long walled space which may have been a sort of cloister or *cryptoporticus*. A doorway in the back of it, where the excavators entered it, suggested the propriety of running a trench directly eastward; a plan which was followed, and which led to interesting discoveries. A transverse wall was first met with, and after that one or two different levels or terraces with smooth

pavements of cement, until at length the excavators came down to a much lower floor which was paved with large flagstones, and which was 45 feet across. The floor was covered with dark earth, filled with broken pottery and other objects, which would lead us to suppose that this had been a reservoir of water. Another floor of about 100 feet across brought us to massive walls of a building, and the continuation of the trench showed a rather higher floor, until it again sank to a deep floor of about 10 feet by 30, formed of large Roman flat tiles, 12 inches by 18, which has been completely uncovered, and the trench was carried on beyond this perhaps another 100 feet, till it came to a strong boundary wall at the eastern extremity of the ground now in possession of the Excavation Committee, which appears to be the eastern extremity of the building we are now exploring. It is opposite the eastern end of the mass of Roman masonry standing above ground, known as Old Wall. A trench has been carried along the line of the eastern boundary wall, about 100 feet, till the workmen came to the continuation of the mass of what were supposed to be domestic rooms, found immediately to the south of the old wall. A small square room, with a well-preserved herring-bone pavement, projects eastward beyond the boundary wall of the main building. It communicates westwardly with a room having a deep hypocaust, with its walls entirely covered with the remains of the fine tiles, so close together that the room has evidently been intended to be very much heated. Still proceeding westward, we came upon a series of rather wide passages, with another hypocaust, in which, when opened, were found the remains of the skeletons of what appeared to be two young women. The women of Uriconium seem to have sought concealment from those who were massacring the inhabitants by creeping into the hypocaust, which would be something analogous to getting up the chimney of a modern house—a very unsatisfactory place of refuge, as I expect it is not generally known, that the excavations have been in the same line, the skeletons of an old man, with his money, and apparently two women, were found. Beyond this is another square room, with a herring-bone pavement, resembling closely that at the eastern end of the building, and still more westwardly are the large rooms with hypocausts, which were the side of the first excavations to the south of the old wall. We have thus observed here a line of apartments extending from east to west, above 150 feet, which are now open to the inspection of visitors, in addition to the square court described above. It is somewhat singular that we have not found any mosaic pavements, but the floors of the rooms appear generally to have been formed of smoothed cement. This, embodied with some other circumstances, leads me to suspect that we are still in buildings of a public character, perhaps baths and washhouses. The works at the north-eastern corner are laborious and slow, for the men have to remove 10 or 12 feet of earth before they get to some of the floors, but we are rewarded by finding the walls standing in places 9 or 10 feet high, which naturally enables us to understand much better the character of the remains. I expect that when we have pursued a little further the excavations on this spot we shall obtain the key to the character of this great mass of buildings. I will do no more than allude to the numerous objects of various kinds which have been already found in the course of these excavations and have been placed in the Museum at Shrewsbury. It may be well to state, as I expect it is not generally known, that the Excavation Committee has decided with great liberality that free admission to the excavations shall be given to the public, and I am informed that, besides pedestrian visitors, there arrive on an average not less than a dozen carriages a day. I feel convinced that the public will appreciate the importance of the undertaking, and that they will give it their best support, and, as the excavations proceed and become more and more interesting, I cannot but hope the day will come when the Government will think right not to withhold from this English Pompeii the favour which it has at times bestowed on the diggings at Carthage and other ancient sites abroad.

Several cases of antiquities, brought from Asia Minor by the *Nappy* steam vessel, have been received this week at the British Museum. They have not yet been opened, but are supposed to contain fragments of Greek sculptures and inscriptions from Asia Minor.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE PROPOSAL made by Eton College more than two years since to the Cambridge University Commissioners, "That the sons of all British subjects, otherwise duly qualified, be admissible as candidates for Eton scholarships," has received the sanction of the commissioners, and is now become a part of the statutes of Eton College.

Meetings of the Cambridge University Commissioners were held at 6, Adelphi-terrace, on Tuesday the 19th, Wednesday the 20th, Thursday the 21st, and Friday the 22nd instant. The commissioners present were the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester, the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Horatio Waddington.

A deputation from the Royal Horticultural Society, on the subject of the proposed garden at Kensington Gore, had an interview with Earl Granville on Monday at the Council-office. The deputation consisted of the Earl of Ducie, Sir J. Paxton, Mr. Blandy, Mr. Henry G. Bohn, Mr. T. Grissell, Mr. Godson, Mr. Clutton, and Professor Lindley.

The President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians have issued cards of invitation to a *soirée* to be held on Wednesday, August 3.

The *Bookseller* says:—"In our last number we mentioned that the Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, were about opening a London establishment; this statement, we are informed, is incorrect, or at least premature, as they have no immediate intention of doing so."

On Friday the 22nd the Mayor and Sheriff of Oxford, accompanied by the Aldermen, waited upon the Vice-Chancellor at Pembroke College, and took the usual oath of fealty to the University, on the agreement by both bodies that for ever afterwards it should be abolished. Had the University granted the concession some few years ago, it would have saved the city probably 1,000*l.* in law expenses.

On Tuesday, the 19th, and the two following days, the library of the poet Wordsworth, consisting of nearly 3000 volumes, was offered for sale. The rostrum was occupied by Mr. John Burton, auctioneer, of Preston, who "did his spitting" with much ability, and manifested no little tact in the manner in which he expatiated on the volumes and the associations connected with them. The mode in which the books were arranged and catalogued was superior to anything of the kind previously seen in the provinces, where a huge poster is generally the only catalogue provided for the public. There was a large attendance of booksellers from London, Dublin, Manchester, and other towns, of clergymen and private buyers. Among the latter were Lady Cranworth, Sir John Richardson, of Arctic fame; Dr. Davy, the brother of the inventor of the safety-lamp; and the Rev. J. Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet. The first day's sale seemed somewhat affected by the weather, the rain pouring in torrents, and preventing a thronged attendance. On the second day there was more animation in the biddings, and on Thursday, the concluding day, when the books sold were principally in verse, the bulk of them being presentation copies from their authors to Wordsworth, there was much competition, some of the lots bringing remarkably high amounts. It should be noticed that autographs inserted in most of the books gave them great additional value in the eyes of the bidders. Among the most attractive lots were the following:—39. Mr. T. Herbert, "Description of the Persian Monarchy, now being the Oriental Indyes; a relation of some Years Travail begunne Anno 1626," folio, calf, 1634; very scarce, 12*l.* 12*s.*—59. "Political Disquisitions," 3 vols. 8vo, calf, 1774 ("From Thomas de Quincey to William Wordsworth, Grasmere, Friday, June 22nd, 1810," in De Quincey's autograph), 1*l.* 1*s.*—164. Talfourd, T. N. (Mr. Justice), "Recollections of a First Visit to the Alps in 1841," with autograph presentation of the learned author, and MS. sonnet on the reception

of the poet Wordsworth at Oxford, and five others, 15s.—204. "Calvino, Joanne, Institutio Christianæ Religionis," 8vo. calf, Geneva (autographs of S. T. Coleridge and W. Wordsworth), 1569, 1l. 4s.—224. "Donne, John (Dr. in Divinity), LXXX. Sermons Preached by that Learned and Reverend Divine in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London," folio, calf, 1640 (autograph, "William Wordsworth, bought at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, 1809"), 1l.—285. "Purchas his Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the World and the Religions observed in all Places Discovered from the Creation to this Present. The third edition, by Samuel Purchas, parson of St. Martin's, by Ludgate, London. Folio. Printed by William Stansby for Henry Fetherstone, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the Sign of the Rose," 1617, 1l. 3s.—339. Brown, Sir Thomas, "Religio Medici, with observations, by Sir Kenelm Digby," 8vo. 1669 (autograph, "William Wordsworth, given to him by Charles Lamb"), and three others, 1l. 6s.—361. "De Re Rustica," M. Catonis, &c., not perfect, but containing numerous MS. annotations and observations by the late Poet Laureate, 2 vols. 4to. Parisiis, apud Stephani, Russia, 1543. It is by this work its extraordinary author, statesman, historian, orator, is identified with the science of agriculture. It consists of very brief directions for the management of a farm and for economical housekeeping, from the buying of an estate to a charm for curing oxen and a receipt for cheesecakes.—478. Bulwer's (Sir Edward Lytton) "Siamese Twins," and other Poems, 8vo. 1831 (with autograph presentation by the author to the "Illustrious Wordsworth") and another book, 10s.—479. Lord Byron's Works, 4 vols. 12mo. 1830 (Wordsworth's autograph in each volume). This work, which was published at 18s., realised 3l. 9s.—490. George Chapman's translation of "the whole works of the Prince of Poets in his Iliads and Odyssey, according to the Greek" (with the engraved frontispiece by Hollar, and portrait by Hollar, so rarely to be met with), at London; printed for Nathaniel Butter, 5l.—491. Chapman's "Homer," another copy, without frontispiece, but containing the engraved dedication, on the back of which is written thirteen lines by S. T. Coleridge, dated February 12, 1808; a comparison of Chapman with Ben Jonson and Milton; a long MS. criticism of Chapman's merits as a translator, by the same writer, also inserted within the cover, 3l. 9s.—499. "Collins's (William) Odes," on several descriptive and allegoric subjects, small 4to. 1747; the first edition, extremely rare, 16s.—611. "Parnassus (England's); or, the Choysest Flowers of our Modern Poets, with their Poetical Comparisons; hereunto are annexed various Discourses, both pleasant and profitable," 12mo. imprinted at London, 1600; "Wit's Recreations, containing 630 Epigrams, 160 Epitaphs, and variety of Fancies and Fantasticks, good for Melancholly Humours," 12mo. 1641. These two thin duodecimos in tattered leather covers were sold for 2l. 12s.—629. Randolph's (Thomas, M.A.) "Muses' Looking-Glass," &c., 12mo. Oxford, 1688; "England's Helicon, or the Muses' Harmony," 1614. These two little books were bought, after an animated contest, by Mr. Dawson, of Cannon-street, London, for 4l. 14s.—647. Scott's (Sir W.) "Marmion," 4to. 1808, with autograph, "Walter Scott to W. Wordsworth," 1l. 10s.—649. Scott's (Sir W.) "Lord of the Isles," 4to. 1815, with autograph, "W. Wordsworth, from Walter Scott," 1l. 18s.—689. "Wordsworth's Poems," in 2 vols. 1807, largely annotated, revised, and amended for subsequent editions; "Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," Vol. V. 1837, a few pencilled memoranda inside the cover; "The Loss of the Locks," a poem, the two last pages MS., in the autograph of the author, James Montgomery, Sheffield, December, 1799, 2l. 12s. 6d.—690. "Wordsworth's Poetical Works," 6 vols. 12mo. Moxon, 1837. Perhaps more than in any other existing data, the growth of the poet's mind may be perceived in these volumes. They contain a large amount of variorum readings, inspired jottings, and constructive emendations, together with additional short poems in the author's pencil-autograph. It is most probable these were his pocket companions and communists in his later poetical rambles and in his fireside musings. This work, published at 36s., was, in consequence of the manuscript interpolations of Wordsworth, eagerly contested for. After a lively competition, it was purchased by Mr. Kerslake, from Bristol, for 15l.—691. "Wordsworth's Sonnets," collected in one volume, 12mo. 1838. A proportionate share of the preceding remarks applies in this instance. These sonnets, published at 6s., similarly distinguished with the previous lot, were also much coveted, being eventually knocked down for 3l. 5s.

The Scotsman announces that the date of the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen is fixed for the 14th of September, when his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the president for the year, will deliver the opening address. Among other celebrated persons whose attendance at the meeting is expected Professor Agassiz is mentioned.

The Scotsman says: "We understand that Lord Brougham and his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch will be nominated for the office of Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. The election, which takes place in October, is by the General Council of the University, the register of which, we understand, already numbers above 300 members.

A bill has been prepared and brought in by Messrs. Clive, Dunlop, and Baxter, for removing doubts as to admission to the office of Principal in the Universities of Scotland. The following is a copy of the same:—"Whereas doubts have arisen as to admission to the office of Principal in the universities of Scotland, under the provisions of an Act of the sixteenth and seventeenth years of her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled 'An Act to regulate the admission of professors to the lay chairs in the universities of Scotland,' and of an Act of the twenty-first and twenty-second years of her said Majesty, intituled 'An Act to make provision for the better government and discipline of the Universities of Scotland, and improving and regulating the course of study therein, and for the union of the two universities and colleges of Aberdeen;' and whereas it is proper that such doubts should be removed: be it therefore enacted and declared by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows: 'It shall not be necessary for any person who shall have been or shall be elected, presented, or provided to the office of principal in any of the universities or colleges in Scotland, except the College of St. Mary's in the University of St. Andrews, to make and subscribe the acknowledgment or declaration mentioned in an Act passed in the fourth session of the first Parliament held in Scotland by her Majesty Queen Anne, intituled 'An Act for securing the Protestant religion and Presbyterian church government;' but every such person shall make and subscribe, in the manner provided by the said first-recited Act as to persons elected, presented, or provided to lay chairs in any such university or college, the declaration therein set forth."

A monstrous production in the way of illustrated journalism has lately made its appearance in New York, entitled "The Illuminated Quadruple Constellation." This leviathan paper is eight feet four inches long by five feet ten inches broad, weighs 300lbs. to the ream, and four of its pages are occupied with engravings. The folding and turning of such a paper must be quite an undertaking.

The New York Commercial Times, giving an account of the present state of the publishing trade in New York, says: "Book-reading New York has gone into the country; publishers are contemplating the prospects for the autumn, and their clerks have nothing to do but keep cool. As for authors, it would puzzle the most inquisitive to find out what had become of them all. In truth,

American literature, which flourished so luxuriantly but a few years ago, is at a low ebb just now. And at this low ebb we fear it will remain so long as American publishers can steal the books of English authors and mould public taste into a demand for them."

The same journal supplies a few notes of such American novelties as have lately appeared: "Clark and Meeker, 49, Walker-street, send us 'The History of the City of New York,' an exceedingly well-got-up book, by Mary L. Booth, which we shall notice in our next. Messrs. Brown, Taggard, and Chase, of Boston, will soon give the public a rich dish of humour, served up by Mrs. Partington and Ike. Let the nation prepare to laugh and grow wiser. An exceedingly interesting and useful book, entitled 'The National Fifth Reader,' has just been issued by A. S. Barnes and Co. Such a book was much needed. C. M. Saxon publishes 'The Emperor of France,' which is attracting considerable interest just at this time. We recommend this book to all who desire to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the Bonaparte family. A work published in England, and noticed by us some months ago, has just been re-published here by the Messrs. Appleton. It is entitled 'Memoirs of the Empress Catherine the Second, written by herself.' 'Hints to Housekeepers' is an exceedingly useful little volume, published by A. P. Moore and Co., Fulton-street. It was prepared by the late Frank Forrester, which is all that need be said of its merits. Messrs. Sheldon and Co. publish 'The Christian Graces,' a series of lectures by Joseph P. Thompson."

The American Publishers' Circular gives some interesting information respecting the Boston book trade sale, thus indirectly furnishing some striking facts illustrative of the present condition of the book trade in the United States:

As far as quantities, extent, variety, and value are concerned, the success of the present movement of the book trade in this city is now placed beyond all doubt. Nearly all the invoices have been received, and upwards of 200 pages of the catalogue printed. There are still a few more important invoices to receive; but there is now in the hands of the printer upwards of 400 pages in large octavo, the whole of which will be printed during the coming week. The catalogue is now in course of printing at the rate of from thirty to forty pages a day, and employing fully twenty persons in its preparation. The list of Phillips, Sampson, and Co. is probably the heaviest in the catalogue, reaching in value the amount of 20,000 dollars, at average trade sale prices. The invoices of Little, Brown, and Co., D. Appleton and Co., J. B. Lippincott and Co., Ticknor and Fields, Derby and Jackson, H. Cowperthwait and Co., Gould and Lincoln, Leavitt and Allen, T. B. Peterson and Co., Bazin and Ellsworth, Mason and Brothers, Childs and Peterson, Hickling, Swan, and Brewer, Sheldon and Co., Blanchard and Lea, come next in value, reaching in their several amounts from 6000 dollars to 12,000 dollars each. There are a large number of invoices amounting severally to from 3000 dollars to 5000 dollars each,—making, at a reasonably fair estimate, a total of upwards of 200,000 dollars. The labour consequent on such a sale is much greater, and the expenses much larger, than many would be led to suppose who have not given the matter consideration; the number of volumes, and space required for their reception, is immense, the labour especially requiring great promptness and dispatch in its management, to terminate its delivery in season for the business of the fall, and the requirements of the sale. Books are sold by sample at the sales room, the sale commencing each day at eight o'clock in the morning and continuing through the whole day until ten o'clock in the evening, without intermission, except that required for refreshment, this being furnished in rooms connected with the sales room. The records of sales are kept by two clerks, one of whom enters the name, title of book, and price, the other the number of copies and volumes to each purchaser; the sheets are then again copied, and sent to the packing rooms, when the books are laid out, or assorted by the sales record to each purchaser; the bills are then made from the sales records, are generally ready for settlement at the close of the sale, and copies of them are also sent to the packing-room to check off, and pack each purchaser's bill. At the packing rooms, as the books are received, the cases are opened, the invoices checked off, and the books properly laid on shelves. The next step is the dividing by the sales record, and finally their checking by the bills, packing and delivering. The whole time occupied from the first reception to delivery is about two months, employing from ten to twelve clerks, and as many in the packing rooms.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, has awarded its annual prize *ex æquo* to M. Noëdeke, of the Royal Library of Berlin; M. Michel Amari, of Palermo; and M. Sprenger, attached to the Civil Service of the India Company, residing at Berne, for three treatises on the "Critical History of the Text of the Koran," proposed by the Academy for competition.

Mrs. Alexander Kerr, translator of Ranke's "History of Servia," &c., has recently been admitted as a member of the Antiquarian Society of Vienna (Alterthums Verein). She is the first English lady who has received the diploma of this society. Mrs. Kerr has also been admitted as a member of the Geographical Society of Vienna.

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OBITUARY.

HAMILTON, William Richard, Esq., a gentleman well known for his taste and learning, died on the 11th inst., in the eighty-second year of his age. Mr. Hamilton was educated at Harrow, but, meeting with an accident at an early age, he was compelled to leave. Ill health also prevented him from graduating at either of the Universities. In 1799, when Lord Elgin was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, Mr. Hamilton accompanied him as attaché and private secretary. In the same year he was sent to Egypt on a diplomatic mission to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, and on the expulsion of the French from that country he was employed in negotiating the terms of peace, by which they agreed to surrender all the works of art which they were on the point of carrying off to France. On this occasion Mr. Hamilton rendered a signal service to the lovers of Egyptian chronology in this country, and secured for the British Museum one of its most valuable treasures. Information having been received that the French had concealed in one of their transports the very remarkable trilingual Rosetta stone, he went on board the ship, though the plague had broken out in her, and obtained the valuable prize. A few years later, while returning to England in a vessel conveying the celebrated Elgin marbles to this country, he was shipwrecked on entering the port of Cerigo. In a few minutes the ship and the marbles went to the bottom, the crew only just saving their lives by jumping off the bowsprit on to the rocks. Mr. Hamilton remained in Cerigo several months, and with the assistance of experienced divers succeeded with great difficulty and perseverance in recovering these invaluable works of ancient Greek art from the sea. The publication of the "Egyptiaca," some time after his return to England, proved that he had not mispent his time in Egypt, since he had found the opportunity, in the intervals of official duties, to collect materials for a work containing a vast amount of new information respecting the antiquities of a country at that time but little known. Mr. Hamilton was afterwards private secretary to Lord Harrowby, and afterwards *privé*-writer to Lord Mulgrave. In October, 1809, he became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which post he held until February, 1822, when he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples, where he remained till 1825. In 1815 he accompanied Lord Castlereagh to Paris, and it was chiefly owing to his exertions that the Bourbon Government consented to restore to Italy the works of art which the French had on various occasions removed to Paris. The cordial reception which he met with on visiting Italy a few years later proved how highly the Italians, and especially the illustrious Canova, with whom he had established a footing of great intimacy and friendship, appreciated his efforts on their behalf. When the destruction of the Houses of Parliament in 1834 rendered necessary the building of new Houses, Mr. Hamilton was one of the few who energetically raised their voices in favour of a classical style of architecture in preference to the then fashionable desire for mediæval Gothic. In three letters addressed to the late Lord Elgin he vigorously but unsuccessfully opposed what he considered the degenerate taste of the day. Mr. Hamilton was appointed in 1838 to be one of the elected trustees of the British Museum. He resigned his trusteeship in February 1848, to the great regret of his colleagues. In 1833, Mr. Hamilton helped to establish the Royal Geographical Society, of which he was President during several years. He devoted much of his time to the Royal Institution, the Royal Society of Literature, and to the Dilettanti Society, of which last he was one of the most zealous and active members till the period of his last illness. In conclusion, we cannot omit some allusion to the hearty patronage which he was ever ready to give to foreign artists and scholars, and we need only mention the names of Panizzi, Brönstedt, and Pistrucci to point out the direction of his efforts; and, with regard to the last-named, it is not too much to say that, without his energetic assistance, the world would never have seen the completion of the dies of the Waterloo medal.

RUSSELL, James, once a popular and admirable actor, died lately at his residence, at Kennington, aged seventy-three. Mr. Russell had left the stage for so many years that he is well-nigh forgotten by the play-goers of this generation. The *Soloman*, referring to his death, says: "Many of our older Edinburgh readers will notice with affectionate memory and regret the death of this amiable, worthy old man, and admirable actor, to whom our theatre in its golden days owed much. They will remember his finished rendering of the sub-characters in Shakspeare, especially those marvels of genius, the fools. Mr. Russell was a man of fine taste

and cultivated mind, quite fit to be the cherished associate of the great men we had in Sir Walter's days, and of Sir Walter himself he was a valued friend. He had, we believe, gone some length in setting down many anecdotes of him and his companions.

ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR.—The annual meeting of the patrons and subscribers to this valuable institution took place on Wednesday last at the Dispensary, Dean-street, Soho; the Rev. Davis Lamb in the chair. From the report it appeared that during the past year 734 patients had been admitted on the books; of these 354 had been discharged cured, while 260 had been discharged relieved. The institution has thus been the means of restoring no less than 614 persons to their sphere in society. For in general the class of diseases connected with the ear shuts out the individuals so afflicted from the pleasures and mutual usefulness of social intercourse. The class of persons relieved consists of clerks in offices, governesses, needlewomen, domestic servants, soldiers, sailors, police, &c. The Dispensary is open two days in the week, namely Tuesdays and Fridays, and on these occasions may be seen upwards of 100 persons each day waiting their turn of attendance, which is here given entirely gratuitously. A vote of thanks was unanimously given to Mr. Harvey F.R.C.S., the medical officer of the institution, who thus solely discharges the onerous duties of the situation, and to whose skill it is due that so many are annually restored to the blessings of social life. An earnest appeal is made for the support of the public in aid of an institution which thus unostentatiously confers such vast benefits upon so many suffering members of the community.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.—The *Builder* very appositely reproduces an account of a visit to the British Museum given by Mr. William Hutton, the bookseller and historian of Birmingham, in 1784. Mr. Gregory may take comfort in that there has certainly been effected a considerable improvement in the state of things in Great Russell-street during the last seventy years. Mr. Hutton says: "I was given to understand that the door, contrary to other doors, would not open with a silver key—that interest must be made some time before, and admission granted by a ticket for a future day. This mode seemed totally to exclude me. As I did not know a right way, I was determined to pursue a wrong, which probably might lead me into a right. By good fortune I stumbled upon a person possessed of a ticket for the next day which he valued less than two shillings. We struck a bargain in a moment, and were both pleased." On the 7th of December of the above year Hutton, with nine others (all strangers to him), assembled at the old Museum. He says: "We began to move pretty fast, when I asked, with some surprise, whether there were none to inform us what were the curiosities as we went on. A tall young man in person, who seemed to be our conductor, replied, with some warmth, 'What! would you have me tell you everything in the Museum?—how is it possible? Besides, are not the names written upon many of them?' I was too much humbled by this reply to utter another word. The company seemed influenced: they made haste, and were silent: no voice was heard but in whispers. If a man pass two minutes in a room in which are a thousand things to demand his attention, he cannot find time to bestow a glance on each. When our leader opens the door of another apartment, the silent language of that action is 'Come along!' If I see wonders which I do not understand, they are no wonders to me. Should a piece of withered paper lie on the floor, I should without regard shuffle it from under my feet; but if I am told it is a letter written by Edward VI. that information sets a value upon the piece: it becomes a choice *morceau* of antiquity, and I seize it with rapture. The history must go altogether; if one is wanting, the other is of little value. I considered myself in the midst of a rich entertainment, consisting of ten thousand rarities; but, like Tantalus, I could not taste one. It grieved me to think how much I lost for want of a little information. In about thirty minutes we finished our silent journey through this princely mansion, which would well have taken thirty days! I went out much as wise as I went in; but with severe reflections that, for fear of losing my chance, I had that morning abruptly torn myself from three gentlemen with whom I was engaged in an interesting conversation; had lost my breakfast; got wet to the skin; spent half-a-crown in coach-hire; paid two shillings for a ticket; been hackneyed through the rooms with violence; had lost the little share of good humour I had brought in; and came away completely disappointed." The editor of Hutton's life remarks that the old regulations of the British Museum seemed expressly calculated to create disgust, and to exclude as many persons as possible. When it was first opened the trustees published "Statutes and Rules relating to the Inspection and Use of the British Museum." Among other things laid down were:—1st. That such studious and curious persons as were desirous to see the Museum must, in the first place, make an application in writing to the porter, stating their condition, place of abode, &c.; that they must call another day for their tickets, and then go a third day to see the sight. 2nd. That no more than ten tickets should be delivered out for each hour of admittance, and no person or persons be allowed to see anything without being attended by the under librarian, or under assistant. 3rd. That visitors should be conducted in regular order and succession through all the departments of the establishment, and not be allowed more than three hours to examine the whole. But depart when notice is given by ringing a bell [this bell, it appears, did great duty, for besides ringing people out, it rang them from one department to another]. 4th. That children on no account be admitted into the Museum.

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